

ESCAPE

JUNE 50 CENTS/CDC

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Escapade's
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Ferrari: with
N.A.R.T. at
Bridgehampton
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the World's
fairs
girls of
the world
(fair & warmer)
& short story
showcase





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36

the first word

AS ANYONE who has ever worn a barrel home from Belmont knows, a "Show" window is not a place where you display the family silver.

By the same bag of oats, Legalized Offtrack Betting is not a fun card you draw in Monopoly.

OTB, for short, is a nagging question pressing us today; to be, or not to be. It is a very hot chestnut and should not be pulled from the fire by palookas.

But that is what is happening in New York State today. Two gentlemen, both noted for brief flashes of competence, are neck and neck after the decision there. New York is only one state, true, but what happens to OTB there is vital. New York often sets the pace.

First, the two men involved are staging a morality play.

New York City's Mayor Robert Wagner, a Democrat, does not call himself The Devil, but says anyway that OTB is good for you. Reduces taxes. Fattens the treasury. Buries the bookies. Emasculates big crime. Etc.

All of these are not bad inducements.

In our other ear, State Assembly Speaker Joseph Carlino, who just coincidentally is GOP, hums like an angel, no, no, no. OTB is bad. OTB is not the tax cure some jackasses claim. OTB does not beat the bookies, only joins them. OTB tempts the weak.

All of which are cogent counter-arguments.

Watching this morality play, we must decide between good white and evil black. But we cannot, with both leads coming on as the *real* white. For which principal should we cheer? Who gets the rotten tomato in the eye?

The fact that high-ranking New York City officials are occasionally seen at the track does not necessarily cast doubt on their sincerity.

And the fact that Mr. Speaker is known to have once gotten help from parties who still make a bundle from New York State's harness tracks, and therefore are not anxious to see customers shop elsewhere, does not necessarily give him bad marks either.

The smart money goes on Mr. Carlino. He may be right for the wrong reasons, but he is right. OTB is bad.

First, anyone who knows that a sulky is not a crabby girl friend can see OTB is strictly TTP, or Tap the Poor. Rich folks do not need OTB. They can always take their beating, and also the sun, at the track.

Second, on principle, OTB is like heroin—addictive, and a wicked thing to tempt anyone with. Nobody beats the nags. Why encourage anyone to try? Odds in Russian Roulette are better. Cases in point are the sorcerers' apprentices the tabloids call professional handicappers.

Follow these dunces for a while with two imaginary dollars on each pick. It is unlikely that you'll be ahead at the end of a month. You will definitely not be ahead at the end of six months.

Third, no bookie is going to give up a multi-million dollar business just because it's suddenly covered by civil service. They'll compete. OTB offers 3 to 1 odds? The bookies will give 4 to 1. OTB offers no credit. At last report, the books still take IOU's. There is even a rumor that some Brooklyn gent is looking into green stamps.

Fourth, it is not a wholly preposterous notion that the dog track operators, or the football dopesters will charge that OTB discriminates against their enterprises and launch a messy Federal anti-trust suit.

And speaking of Federal cases, what about OTB and interstate commerce? Or, can OTB parlors handle out-of-state results? If not, what good is OTB? And who foots the tab for the extra policemen needed to keep OTB parlors clear of holdup men and afternoon crowds of mommies gathering with prams for the late results?

There are too many still-unanswered questions.

But, do not get the wrong impression here. Legalized take-a-chance is truly a fine thing.

Not OTB, though. A lottery.

One, in a state lottery, poor ginks can still take a flyer without bleeding to death.

Two, lottery earnings will possibly be *greater* than OTB's because everybody plays, not just horse nuts. (There really are some grannies and conservative chaps who don't like horses, cards, etc., but who *will* drop a paper chance in the drum at the Elks Club.)

True, in a way, the lottery still leaves the horse merchants in "strong fiscal posture," as they say on Wall Street where people are also known to bet a little at times. This does not please either pro or anti-OTB's.

However, in cities like New York and Scarsdale, it's universally known that no horse room is ever more than a five-minute stroll from the nearest police station.

So, then, the answer for crime crusaders is simple: Lay out some of the lottery gravy for more police to go arrest the rascals, and keep arresting them till they scratch. And if their political pals contest the decision, arrest them.

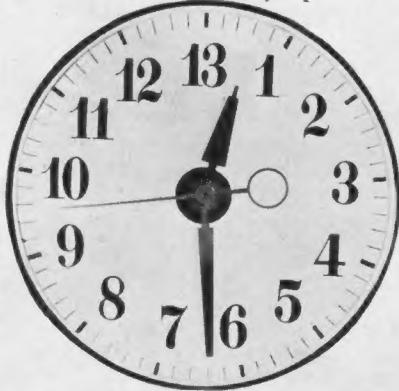
It's plain as the nose on Silky Sullivan's face. To raise the needed government money, bury the bookies, write a fitting end to the morality play and remove the handicap from the lottery everywhere. The returns will make anything else look like subway tokens.

No? Ask any Irishman or Mexican. • by R. G.



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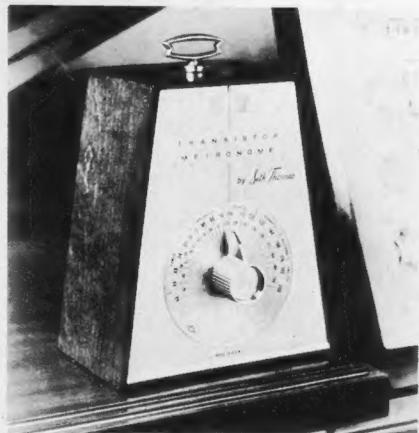


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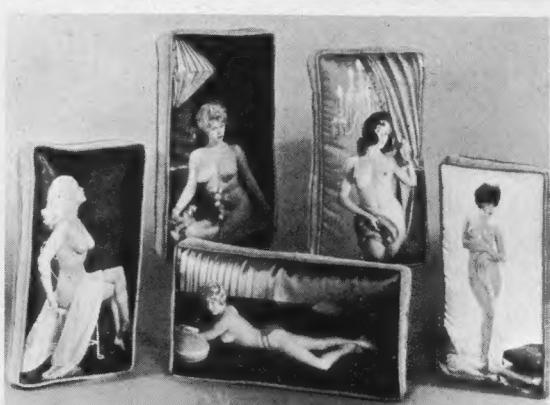
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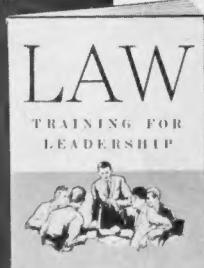
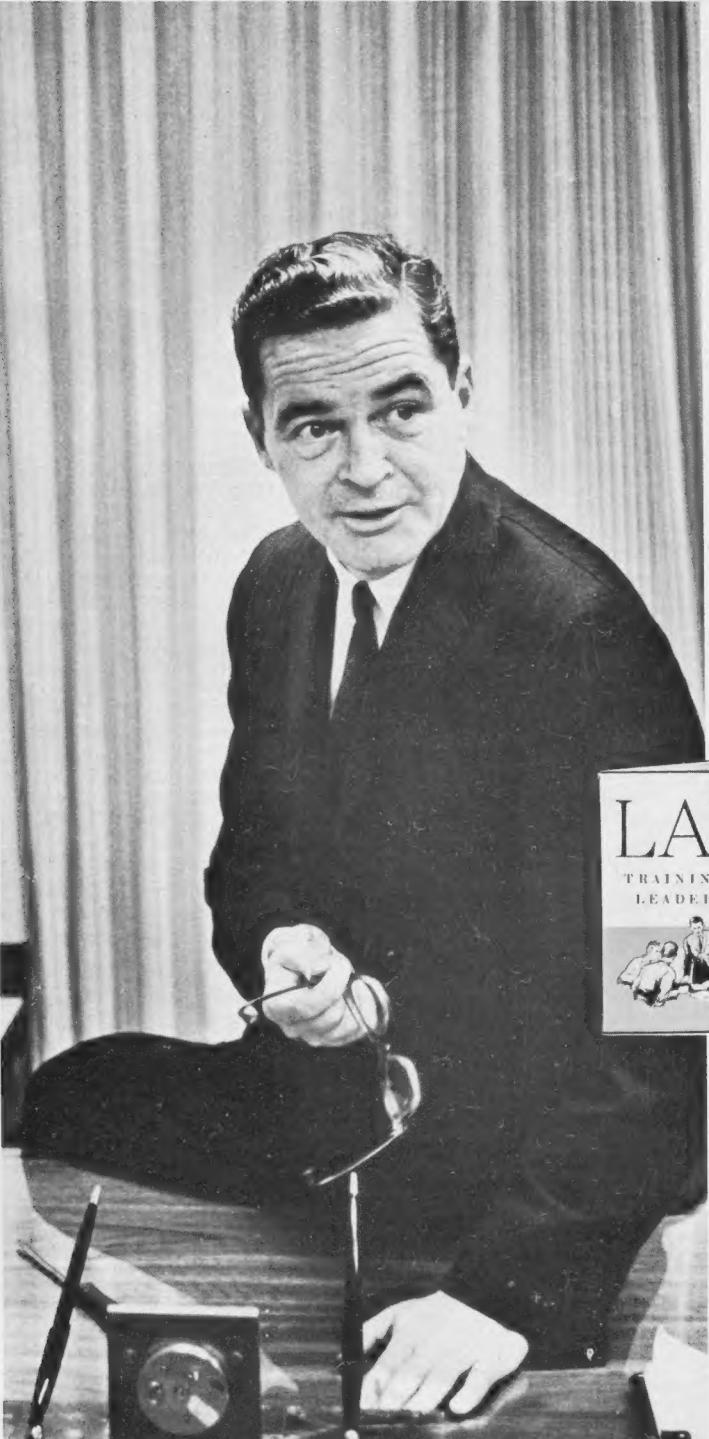
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LOGAN ENGLISH SINGS THE WOODY GUTHRIE SONGBAG

(Twentieth Century-Fox, \$3.95). Unquestionably one of the finest records on folk music to be released this year. Logan English's fine rendering of the music of the most creative folk singer and composer brings credit to both artists. What makes this record unique is Logan English's insistence on interpreting Guthrie in his own fashion and style rather than merely imitating the master. All the classics are included here, and the rousing backup by this new group to Mr. English's presentation enhances the record immeasurably.

THE RED ARMY ENSEMBLE, VOLUME 2 (Angel 36143, \$4.98). Not as magnificent as Volume 1, we're afraid, but still a really fine buy. This disc, recorded in London during a concert for our British cousins, is a combination of never before recorded Russian classics and such standards as "Meadowland." Perhaps the real gem, though, of the record is an inspired rendition of "Annie Laurie" sung in Scot brogue by a very fine Ruskie tenor and the chorus.

ODETTA SINGS FOLK SONGS (RCA Victor LPM-2643, \$3.98). In response to the title of this record, all we can ask is, "What else?" This one by California's top folk singer is far and away her best ever. Carrying versatility almost to the point of eclecticism, Odetta moves from Bahamian to traditional American to gospel to Guthrie (a genre in itself) to modern with great grace and brilliance. In short, this record can be summed up in two words: **too much**. Every selection is done masterfully, particularly "900 Miles," "Blowing in the Wind," "Maybe She Go," "I Never

"Will Marry," "Yes I See," "Why Oh Why," "Shenandoah," "The Golden Vanity," "Roberta," "Anthem of the Rainbow," "All My Trials," and "This Little Light of Mine." Did we say particularly? Those twelve selections comprise the record.

THE DREAM DUET: ANNA MOFFO/SERGIO FRANCHI (RCA Victor LM 2675, \$4.98). Many moons ago, when show biz was even more of a fantasy factory than it is today, films were made of happy happy-ending operettas like "The Desert Song," "Rose Marie," "New Moon"—the list is long—starring Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. The duet quickly became America's Singing Sweethearts, or something. RCA now presents Anna Moffo, a beautiful operatic soprano, and Sergio Franchi, a tenor of night club fame, singing a dozen operetta favorites, including "Sweethearts," "One Alone," "Lover" and "A Kiss in the Dark." The old tunes have never been sung better, so if you're in love, or want to feel as if you are, listen along with Anna and Sergio.

THE WORLD OF MIRIAM MAKEBA (RCA Victor, LPM-2750, \$4.98). From the opening measure of the African chant "Dubula," we know the voice, the crackling excitement of the Voice of Africa—Miriam Makeba. In this, her second album, she gives us more of the throbbing sounds that have caught the hearts of millions and have made her, for many more, the symbol of an awakening continent. The songs in this album are not all African; Miss Makeba is not simply an ethnic interpreter. She approaches the songs of all nations and peoples with a keen appreciation of what the words and music say. She has the

emotional strength, the artistic talent to bring those meanings undiluted to the audience.

STEEL GUITAR JAZZ (Mercury MG-20843, \$3.98). Traditionally associated with Hawaiian and hillbilly bands, a steel guitar may seem incongruous in a jazz album. But Steel Guitar Jazz should convince the most demanding purist that in the right hands the steel guitar is a formidable jazz instrument. The "right hands" in this case belong to Buddie Emmons, whose remarkable dexterity and unique conception show him to be a jazzman of considerable talent. The empathy of the group (Bobby Scott, piano; Charlie Persip, drums; Jerome Richardson, tenor and soprano sax; Art Davis, bass) is in the finest jazz tradition. Each man constructs his choruses with an ear to what the soloist before and after him has to say. The result is a recording that is relaxed, cohesive and swinging.

THE AMAZING BOBBY SCOTT (Mercury, MG 20854, \$3.98). "Amazing" is the word with Bobby Scott. Just twenty-six years old, he is equally at home as pianist, arranger, composer, song writer, band leader and writer. This album reflects his wide range of interest and experience, since Scott composed eight of the twelve songs he plays and arranged all of them. The lead song "108 Pounds of Heartache," is a gospelly rouser. The next, "She's Mine," is a tender ballad. Bobby makes the transition effortlessly. From the dramatically powerful "Shiloh" to the Seventeenth Century sound of "Just a Ribbon," this dynamic personality never breaks his stride. The whole album is new, real, vital.

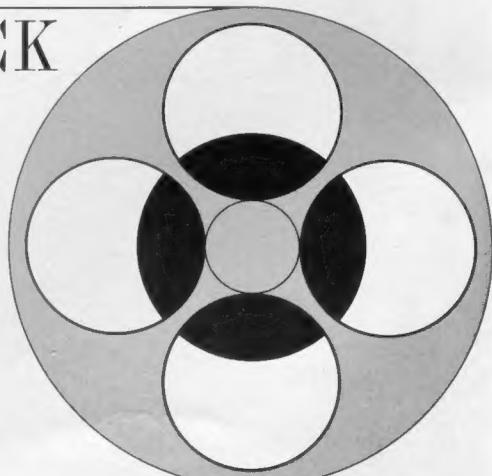
THE ROLAND KIRK QUARTET

TET MEETS THE BENNY GOLSON ORCHESTRA (Mercury MG 20844, \$3.98). Perhaps too much has been made of Roland Kirk's ability to play two, and even three wind instruments simultaneously—saxophone, manzello and strich—and not enough of the fact that when he plays the sax alone he is one of the finest artists in jazz. This album shows Kirk at his best as both a one-man band and a sensitive musician. Playback's favorites: "Get in the Basement," "On Variations on a Theme" and "Abstract Impressionism."

ROBERT, GABY & JEAN CASADESUS (Columbia ML 5895, \$4.98). The incomparable team of husband Robert and wife Gaby Casadesus is well known to music lovers throughout the world. Add the brilliant performance of their son Jean to this talented pair, present Mozart's "Concerto in F Major" and Bach's "Concerto in D Minor" and "Italian Concerto in F Major," and you have one of the better records of the year. The Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy on the first two works completes the picture.

BEETHOVEN: THREE FAVORITE SONATAS (Columbia ML 5881, \$4.98). Here is one of the recording bargains of the year: the "Moonlight," "Appassionata" and "Pathetique" sonatas on one record, with excellent sound, played by Rudolf Serkin. Mr. Serkin is not a much-publicized Russian virtuoso, hasn't got wavy blond hair and might have difficulty conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra while playing a concerto, but he is one of the world's great interpreters of Beethoven's piano music. He proves this once again in flawless style.

PLAYBACK





Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

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*If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, **HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH**, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.*

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept 121-C, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

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ESCAPEADE

JUNE, 1964

VOL. IX, NO. 4

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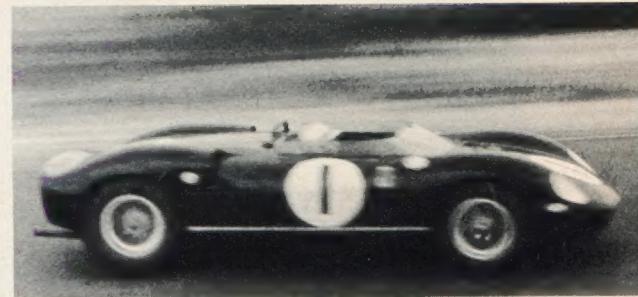
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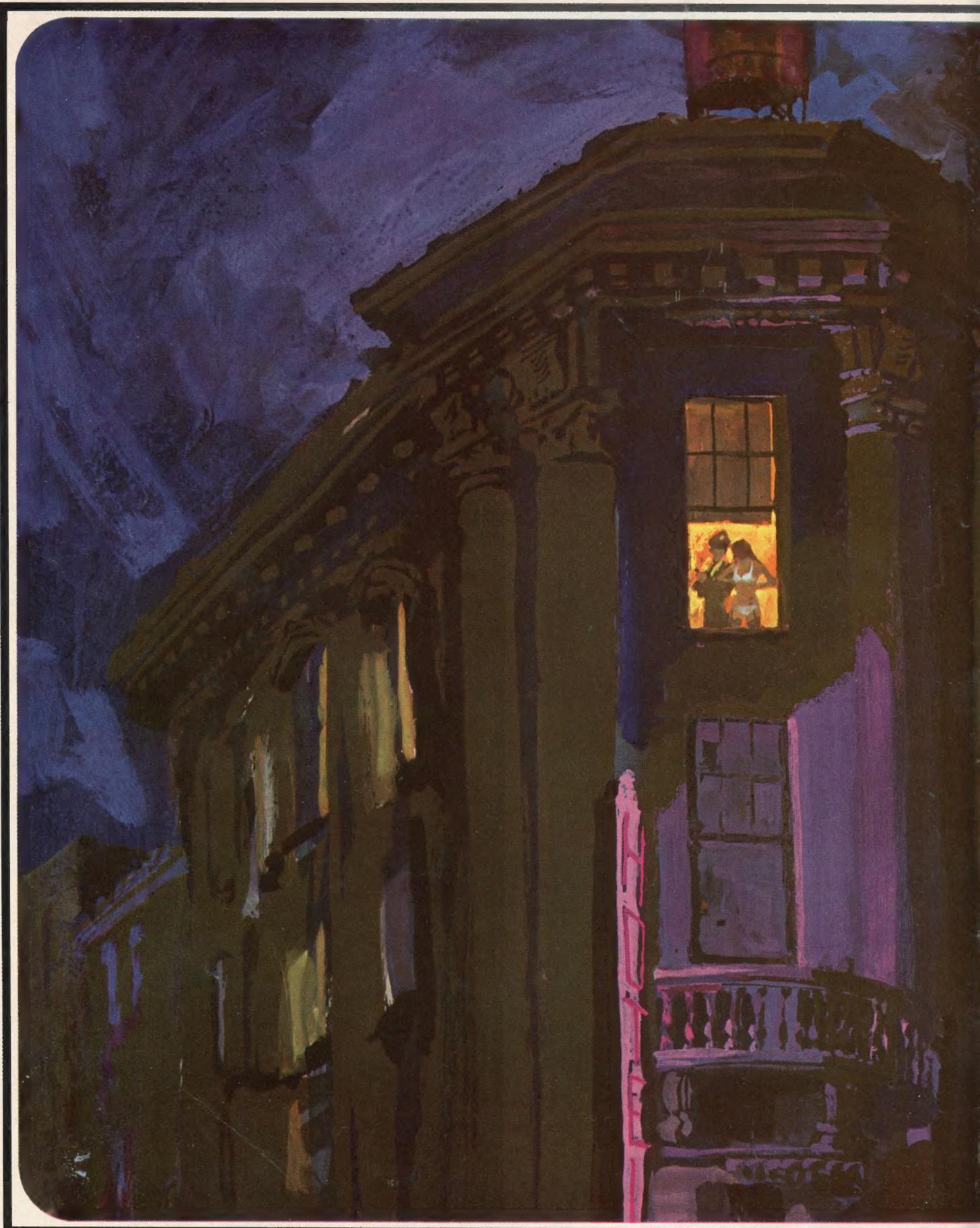
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reprise

He called long distance from an office building on Lexington Avenue. The Dallas operator repeated the number and when the dull buzzing began, he was frightened. The booth was warm and he swallowed to ease his tight throat. He would go to her, he thought, he'd go down there and bring her back to New York.

It was all that damned song. He wouldn't think of her from one month to the next. But every time he heard it, the memories exploded like mines and he felt bruised and haunted. The phone at the other end was lifted from the cradle and he suddenly wanted to hang up.

That last night they had stayed in the one hotel in Gainesville, near the camp, a room above some stores in a dirty, yellow frame building. He couldn't sleep and kept looking at her. At dawn, he turned on the radio and a drawling voice gave crop reports. The dial-light threw a small pink shadow across her face and he thought she was asleep. But when he bent over, he saw her staring at the ceiling.

He'd waited until that night to tell her he was going overseas. They talked and comforted each other, trying to sleep a little after making love, but time was slipping away. He felt drained, sensed her shrill nervousness, and knew it was no good going on like that.

The song began just after he looked at her—Laura is the face in the misty light—It was a proper touch: the sentimental coincidence of a new tune with her name. (turn page)

"BESIDES, THE WENCH IS DEAD."

by Mark Sufrin



“Mother, please! I’d rather do it myself!”

He lifted her from the bed and they began to dance slowly, pressed together, nude and sad. It was a bad novel or movie, he thought, or as someone said to him years later, like bad novels or movies would be if they were anything like his life. He felt like a scrawny pretender in a violent game.

But the moment was percussive and alive for him and he felt better armed for the parting—the young lieutenant and the war, a windy little Texas town, a married redhead, the Pacific islands and an absurd idea of combat, pain and shattered innocence—a last mawkish good-by. It was part of his time, he knew, and like all the young he made it his own peculiar confection.

He was braced for her voice, but a little boy answered. He took a deep breath and said hello. It would be easy to hang up now, he thought, but she'd inquire, find out the call came from New York and know it was him. It was part of his delusion.

"Hello," he repeated in the aggressively cheery voice he reserved for children, "is your mommy home?" He made disarming talk with the boy until he heard a woman's impatient voice.

"Laura?"

"Yes. Who's calling?"

"It's Dave." His voice was low, inconsolable.

"Who?" She shouted to the boy to be quiet. "I'm sorry."

"Dave . . . Dave Michels."

"David!" Then she paused for a long time and said it was a real nice surprise hearing from him, but she sounded too polite and he thought he heard other voices in the background.

"I'm still thinking of you, Laura." He tried to sound nimble and relaxed, but the words came out rushed.

"That's foolish."

"No, it's not. I mean it. It was something very important to me. You know that."

She laughed. "Aren't you even going to ask me how I am? I swear, you haven't changed at all."

That last morning was a nervous truce. Neither of them seemed to know what to do about parting, how to begin the forlorn ritual. He stared out the window for a long time and watched dark clouds flaking away. A light went on in the restaurant across the deserted street and a porter began to clean up. Suddenly afraid, he turned quickly and looked at her.

They lay together, studying each other to glean, to support, to cancel the sorrow in their young faces. He said her name aloud, gently mimicking her drawl: "Laura Ruth Tanner." The song was pitched to their regret, crusted images unloading hell for him. She sat on the bed and watched him dress. He was tying his shoelaces when she asked him when his train left for California.

He straightened up. "Nine. Why?"

"Nothing special."

He tried to smile, marveling at the long red hair and green eyes, bold smears against her bony white face. The mood was breaking with the first faint trace of sun and he talked fast, trying to be tough. It would be a long time, he said, before he shipped out of Fort Ord for a P.O.E. and she could come and spend time with him. As soon as he got there and knew the score, he'd send money for her trip. He made her promise to write every day, then the grinding sense of leave-taking paralyzed him for a moment and he was terrified that she wouldn't write, that he'd never see her again. He leaned over, kissed her and said in a shaky voice how much he loved her. She locked her thin arms around him and pulled him down on top of her.

Then she broke and began to talk fast, almost babbling:

"Oh, Dave, I remember once when you were getting undressed and you stood there in your shorts and shirt and you were still wearing shoes and socks and I thought how funny you looked, and then you took everything off and you looked beautiful, just beautiful. Baby, take me with you. Take me with you!"

"Don't talk that way. I can't. I don't know how long I'll be at Ord before I'm shipped out. You know I want to, but I can't. You're married!"

"I don't care any more."

He looked at his watch. There was only a little time left.

"It was important for me, too," she said, and he thought her voice sounded wistful, "but that was a long time ago." Then the tone changed. "You must be doing real fine calling all this way. Where are you? You're in New York, aren't you?" She sounded relieved when he said he was. "Remember, Dave, I always said you were so bright, and that you really would show everybody once you got out of the army."

"Laura—" He was begging for something more.

"We sure had a high old time, didn't we?"

He didn't honestly recognize her voice. It was less eager than he remembered, flatter.

The five-piece band in the Dallas club began a set with "And Her Tears Flowed Like Wine." He was dancing with a tall Irish-Indian girl who cooed the song into his ear. He wanted to get rid of her. Al Fowler waved to him from the far end of the room, grinning and pointing to a small red-haired girl at his side. He motioned Fowler to a table and joined them, walking away from his partner without a word.

The redhead wore a plum-colored suit that made her pale face and soft strange eyes shout. He couldn't stop looking at her, and every time she turned and caught him looking, she blushed. Fowler had picked her up in a restaurant; her husband was a Marine with the First Division in the Pacific, and he thought she was just a lonely kid. They danced together only once and pretended to hate each other, but he was miserable when she left, even when she glanced back with a sad, longing look after Fowler went to get her coat. He could never explain it, but her face simply broke his heart.

The next morning, Fowler said he'd tried to make time, but she chased him out when he got rough.

She worked in Neiman-Marcus and he called the store on Monday. At first she hesitated, then agreed to see him. They ate and danced in a bottle club off Commerce Street, both of them silly and nervous. Flame-colored lanterns made her hair a rude blur and he kept staring at her as they drank until they were both hazy and wild and on the brink of love.

When the place closed, they walked the streets for a long time. He led her into a deserted arcade of shops and pushed her against the wall. She kept avoiding his lips after the first kiss, talking in a strangled voice: "I'm not like that. Oh, I want you, too! God, I swear I do. But not like this—not like this!" She ran her hand over his face, talking urgent nonsense, trying to calm him, and he began to laugh. She said she had to go home, but they'd be together as soon as he wanted. After her cab pulled away he tried to pick up a woman, but the streets were empty and he took a cab back the ninety miles to camp.

The next morning he'd dismissed the company after a lecture, and the regimental commander stopped him in the muddy barracks area.

"Say, Michels," the tall old colonel began, blinking through rimless glasses, "just when are these Jewish holidays?"

(Continued on page 37)

The New York World's Fair is finally open and I must admit I'm getting a touch sceptical about the whole thing. Not that I'm a very reasonable critic, mind you. I come from America's greatest fair-going family which, provincial as that claim may be, is something to live up to in this great bourgeois land of ours.

I'm also being premature. I haven't yet seen the new Flushing Meadows triumph in action and I am relying solely on one visit through its wet cement premises, and another to the scale models and drawings of it currently displayed on Park Avenue. But already I know that Uncle Frank, the family's fair-going champion, is going to go home from it with less than his usual enthusiasm. The same would be true for Grandfather, if he were still alive. That's enough right there to set me on my world's fair edge.

I didn't start out with such a don't-care attitude. When I heard three years ago that New York was definitely going ahead with its plans I got a real case of fair fever. Pride accounted for no small part of it. Unless some unscrupulous cousin beat me through the gates

on opening day I was going to carve this latest notch in the family fair belt. And the memories that the good news produced only heightened the fever-misty visions of the Golden Gate Exposition in 1939 where I wandered through the flowered Court of the Moon and past the temple-high Pacifica statue ("proud against a 100-foot prayer curtain of scintillating metal"); of standing abashed before Sally Rand's forbidden-to-minors Nude Ranch as the flimsily clad girls came out on the platform, feeling my heart palpitate and my throat become dry as southwestern dust.

But since those memories visited me my fever has declined into no more than a mild case of anticipation. For since they made their pitch for 1964's pinnacle of fairdom the Flushing Meadows boys have been beset by more troubles than the UN. They've suffered contractor's disputes, cancellations by major nations, fierce debates on whether there should be girlie shows or not, and haunting worries over the honking, fender-scraping, radiator-boiling traffic jams which 70 million visitors are sure to bring.

With each new front-page story I have become a little more disheartened. Perhaps, the voice of my fair-rambling grandfather whispers from out of the past, I have drawn only an ordinary fair.

And that's no joke, for me or the 70 million others. World fairs are a damned serious matter. Millions of dollars are spent on and at them, and for millions of people they create glowing high points in otherwise uninspired lives. My own family is an excellent example. When they first went into the southwest in 1860 to unburden the Comanche of their bothersome lands, no Chavez had even heard of a world's fair. It was the Europeans who were having all the fun. With the tremendous growth of trade in the nineteenth century a gathering place was needed to show off wares, to give and take cultural ideas. England led off in 1851 with the Crystal Palace show—twenty-one acres of machinery, inventions, flowers and God knows what else under an immense glass and iron dome. Then in 1876 the U.S. caught fair-itis. It was our 100th anniversary as a nation and the crowds poured into Philadelphia

to gawk at Mr. Bell's telephone, blink at the amazing fuelless lights and swallow hard at a thousand more wonders. But the ungrateful Comanche were still trying to get their land back from the Chavez clan then, and we couldn't go.

The next fair was in 1893. That year marked the 400th anniversary of Columbus sailing to America, and Chicago celebrated with a fair to end fairs. Giant white buildings in the classic mode sprouted on 666 acres bordering Lake Michigan. There was a German railroad, fantastic craft displays from all nations, a Chinese Village, a Moorish Palace, even a 70-ton telescope which revealed the secrets of the moon craters for one thin dime. The Chicago show was a symbol of national pride *par excellence* and the whole country came to the fair—including Grandfather.

Still a young bachelor then, he put on his best Stetson and boarded the Santa Fe for what was supposed to be a seven-day junket to Chicago. Twice he wired home for money and it was actually seventeen days before he showed up again haggard and glum. Not

booze, nor whores, nor cards kept him away so long, and besides he could always get those items in Albuquerque or Amarillo. It was a *belly dancer* that kept him glued to the Chicago sawdust. And therein lies a famous American folktale. Record-breaking crowds were streaming into Chicago to take in the displays of new-fangled lights and engines and wheels, but one rather plump Syrian girl was proving the biggest draw of the whole fair. Little Egypt was her name.

Some enterprising character had rigged up a midway sideshow to look—but not smell—like a Cairo back street. Then he'd imported a bosomy, dark-eyed little dancer from Damascus, Fahrede Mahzar by name, to star as "Little Egypt." People like Grandfather would crowd cheek to jowl into her show nightly. The lights dimmed, drums throbbed and a reedy clarinet shrilled away. Out came that curvaceous Arab sugar plum in her voluminous skirt and long white underwear to dance, sway and modestly shake her well-concealed breasts. Occasionally she performed with a lighted candelabra on (turn page)

EARTH HATH NOT ANYTHING TO SHOW MORE FAIR



her head. Other times she'd lie down with filled champagne glasses on her undulating stomach to tinkle them in time with the music. She never spilled a drop. Eventually not only President Grover Cleveland but a whole clutch of governors, congressmen, and other VIP's came to see her, and they all agreed that nothing—neither can-can queens nor burlesque belles—had ever bewitched them as much as Miss L.E. Soon, dozens of cooch artists across the nation were imitating her. As for Grandfather, he wanted to marry her, as any good cattleman would, but gave up the idea after seeing her twenty-two times without getting so much as an Egyptian nod from the stage. She was probably just as happy with the Greek businessman from Chicago she eventually wedded.

So started our lemming urge to the fairs. And in a country as rich and publicity-minded as ours, Grandfather had plenty to visit after that. In 1898 he took his bride to a minor clambake called the Trans-Mississippi, in Omaha. Came 1901, he made it clear to Buffalo where he talked with the great old Sioux chief Sitting Bull, displayed in his teepee like a head of prize livestock. The year 1904 found the old boy dragging the whole family to the Louisiana Purchase Commemorative at St. Louis, and eleven years later it was San Francisco.

It wasn't long before we became known to the other branches of the family as "The World's Fair Wanderers." I thought the name was catchy, made us sound like a troupe of acrobats, but Grandfather used to snarl, "They're just jealous 'cause they're missing all the fun."

The 1915 San Francisco Exposition still remains the queen of all fairs, the final curtain rung down on a grand and prideful era. Uncle Frank used to grow misty-eyed about it as he pulled out the cigar box full of photos and souvenirs. "It was the greatest show since the Circus Maximus," he'd begin, describing its grandeur with sweeping motions of the arms. "The buildings—massive, with lights shining out over the Bay at night. The Tower of Jewels alone must have been 400 feet high, and at night they lit it up like a Christmas tree. Here's a postcard of it." He was right. Bathed in fantastically hued lights the Tower was impressive in a glittering, arabesque way. "And the exhibits? Lord, they had everything—French wines, English china, Turkish jeweled swords, even a painting of a naked woman so perfect, by God you thought she was real!" At that point though, he'd always hesitate and add, "or was it a real woman so perfect you thought she was a painting? I can't clearly remember."

"They had airplanes goin' too, which still meant something back in 1915. One fellow used to loop the loop every night in his Wright pusher. Then there was Lincoln Beachy. He'd been a balloonist before, you know. He'd dive down at the water and at the last possible second pull out over it clean as a hound's tooth. One night he didn't quite make it. So long Lincoln!" Then Frank would grin and lower his voice to tell me for the fiftieth time the story of the statues. "I was only seventeen but I'd met a nice girl out there, about my age and shy as hell. Well, that fair had huge 60-foot metal statues of naked men—supposed to represent Strength or Honor or some damn thing—and they had great big tools on 'em. One night late we came smack on a crew taking one down, with the men hauling off that part laughin' like fools. Must have weighed 300 pounds! That girl took one look and ran out of there so fast it took me an hour to find her. Naturally she'd never seen—well boy, you know . . ."

San Francisco, frank statuary and all, was the last of the

ornate, opulent fairs. By the time we hit the Century of Progress in Chicago in 1933 things had gone wildly futuristic. Windowless buildings with rounded corners, ray gun towers, weird indirect lighting—it was right out of Flash Gordon. "This stuff isn't for me," Grandfather spat after a couple of days, and went off fishing in Canada. It was a good thing he did. Frank and my father went down to the midway to find none other than Little Egypt trying an exposition come-back after forty years. It would have broken the old man's heart seeing the sweetheart of his youth greying and short of breath trying to compete with a near-nude upstart named Sally Rand. Egypt died four years later, eclipsed by the fan, bubble and strip stars whose trade she'd helped begin. Something wonderfully honest and ungimmicky about world fairs went out with her.

Which leads me to my own memories, and to 1939. That year both New York and San Francisco had gigantic fairs, but because New York was the bigger and older city it copped the official world's fair title. So what? The Golden Gate Exposition had Sally Rand. But that's putting fans before facts. The Golden Gate show was unique from the start because a 400 acre island—Treasure Island—was created for it right out of the mud and shoal water of the Bay just north of Yerba Buena Island. As the new island took shape so did the superb Bay and Golden Gate Bridges, that association bringing it more publicity than ever.

That summer the Chavez clan went west on the Santa Fe. I'd never been beyond Albuquerque before and the sight of San Francisco alone with its greyed buildings and clanging streetcars and vast ocean all its own was enough to floor me. But it was that island shimmering out in the Bay that was all my eleven-year-old's fantasy come true. It looked like one of those lost jungle cities in Tarzan books, its strange towers looming upward, the truncated buildings below resembling temples. As the ferry boat pulled into it, Treasure Island's flowered courts and fountained pools revealed themselves to further that illusion. If it hadn't been for all the tourists I would have expected a maiden to be sacrificed before the incense-wreathed statues near the Court of Flowers. Once ashore I went wild just looking. Chinese junks on the Great Lagoon. An immense relief map of the whole West that showed the hills near our ranch. The Sultan of Johore's pavilion with its rich rugs and mosaics. And best of all the China Clippers, the old four-engined seaplane kind, taking off for the Far East most every afternoon.

Grandfather showed the Stars and Stripes. Every time he saw a group of Japanese men wandering by, bespectacled and emotionless in their atrocious blue suits and barber school haircuts, he'd snap testily, "They're all colonels in the Jap army. Look at 'em taking pictures. They've killed the Chinamen and now it's our blood they want." I scowled at them too. In fact, scowling at Japanese became a big fair activity for me for a couple of days—all those colonels, bomb-tossers, spies. But I also went underwater in the diving bell, and had my picture taken beside Doug Corrigan's airplane—the one he flew wrong-way-in from New York to Ireland. Yet I chafed for the midway. We'd gone over there one day and the men had ventured into Sally Rand's Nude-Dude Ranch, coming out laughing and shaking their heads. From then on it was the fair's principal attraction for me.

I found a way of getting back to it. About the time the (Continued on page 22)

PHOTOS/GRAHAM



oh, my luve is like a

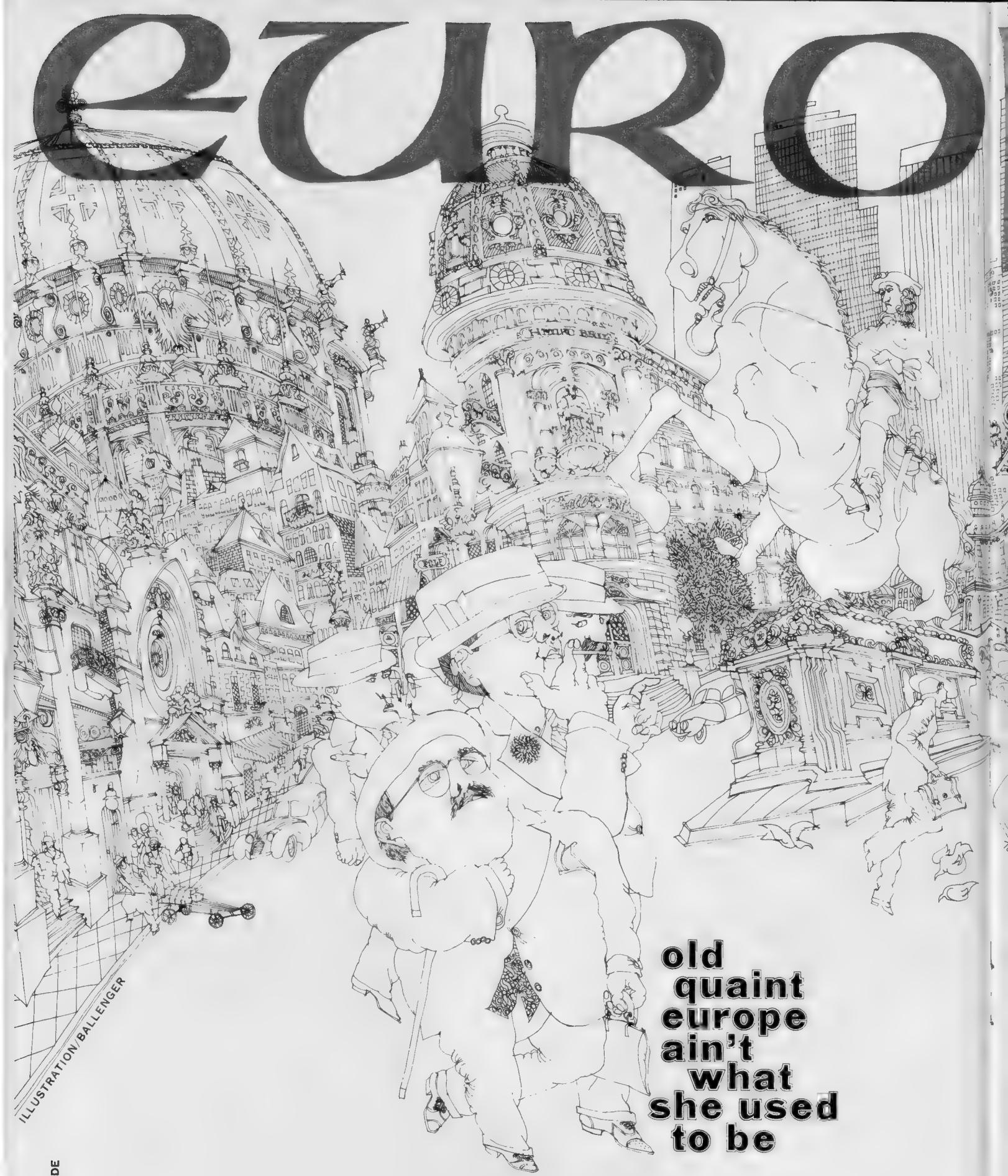


RED, RED ROSE...

And June MacLeod from tiny Dunfearnal, Scotland is the fair flower for this month's Escapade. June is by way of being the local literary light, for when not employed at the family herring kippery she's the custodian of the local library. And what a library! It contains almost all the forbidden verses of that erotic Scot, Robert Burns. During the short summer, June is often found lying in the heather with Bobbie's hottest. But for all the Scotch lads care, June may pine forever: She's got six brothers, none of whom are very wee, skeerit, cowrin' or tim'rous.



EURO



**old
quaint
europe
ain't
what
she used
to be**



SOMETHING MODERN HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE EUROPEAN COMMON MARKET.

A few weeks ago I waited for a northbound express at the railroad station in Salzburg. I had rather hoped for a last sunset glimpse of the lovely mountains that surround this music-festival city, but an ultra-modern skyscraper blocked my view from the open station platform. The towering structure's concrete flanks had only a few tiny windows which reminded me uncomfortably of machinegun ports, an old European specialty. I pitied the poor Austrians who had to live with this monstrosity. At that moment, two squat peasant women, dressed in the traditional travelogue costume of the region, rolled out of a local train and stopped beside me for a look at the new building. "Isn't it just beautiful?" one said to my stunned surprise, her witch's face crinkling into a beatific smile. "Jo-jo," the other wrinkled dumpling agreed in toothless awe. "So dos is' scho' ganz wunderschön." Silently I bade farewell forever to what had been the last stronghold of *Gemütlichkeit* and rococo. In this eighteenth year since the late unpleasantness, even aged Alpine hillbillies had become cool cats.

Of course, by the time I'd reached Austria on this most recent trans-Atlantic trip, I'd pretty well come to accept the fact (turn page)

by Steven Hedge

that quaint old Europe ain't what she used to be. Far from it.

Every western country of the venerable continent is buzzing with a new prosperity, new tastes, a new technology, a new sense of adventure. Nothing is too modern, nothing too wild, and to hell with traditions. Advertisers have learned that the sesame to Europe's desires is the little word "New," as a vast middle class buys washing machines, refrigerators and assorted other mechanical wonders. Bicycles, scooters and motorbikes have long since yielded to classy cars. Streets and highways are jammed with traffic; in Germany even the taxis are Mercedes-Benzes. Modern air terminals, confusingly similar in their designs and multi-lingual announcements, are packed with travelers; inter-city flights are booked to capacity day after day. Businessmen think nothing of flying from Hamburg to Paris for an afternoon appointment, then on to Rome for dinner and more business, helped along with a little *dolce vita* despite Italy's recent and hopeless ban on brothels. Towering buildings overshadow palaces, including old Buckingham. Whole new gleaming concrete-and-glass cities have sprouted from the rubble of World War II. And where the war had been too gentle to suit ambitious city planners, whole sections of charming old buildings are now being razed to make way for the brave new world of glass and steel.

Along with the new edifices, prices have risen sky-high. Dinner at an average Paris restaurant costs four to five bucks. A brief rendezvous with Frankfurt's famous, mink-draped "Countess" Maritza easily runs \$100 plus. No healthy young male can count on leaving Place Pigalle, full of drink and drained of passion, for less than about \$150. Few nightclubs will admit you without an advance reservation and/or bribe. That small country inn, discreetly tucked away in the idyllic village of an airline ad, costs like crazy, runs like a Hilton Hotel, features a twist band and provides bedside telephones with automated dialing for different services. Supermarkets look just like those in Denver or Chicago; only they are bigger, if anything. Coca Cola is the international nectar. Piccadilly Circus gleams more brightly than Times Square, and the Champs Elysees sparkles with far more elegance and expensive merchandise than Fifth Avenue.

As a result, for the first time in living memory, Europeans treat Americans as equals—neither fawning on us, nor trying hard to sucker us with cuckoo clocks and "feelthy" pictures, nor sneering at us as Hawaii-shirted barbarians. If anything, there is a distant respect, mixed with a knowing, distant superiority, in the new European attitude.

"You know," a German business acquaintance told me, "we used to call the United States the land of unlimited possibilities. We loved you, we admired you, we envied you, we hated you. But now . . ." he grinned respectfully, if smugly, ". . . you are no longer the land of unlimited possibilities. Europe has taken your place. It had conquered you with your own weapons—mass production and consumer finance. So now there is no longer any reason to love-hate you. We will sell you Volkswagens and so forth as long as you can afford to pay for them, and you can sell us corn flakes and other American specialties. We can be good business friends."

Drastically changed too is the attitude—and nature—of the American living in Europe. Not so long ago, our typical expatriates were bearded men and stringy-haired women who believed in free love, frittered away their time in endless sidewalk-cafe bull sessions about the great novels they were going to write but rarely did, and who moaned the materialism of the United States. Instead, the

American you're likely to meet in Europe today is—apart from the serviceman who seems to take Ohio with him no matter where he goes—a true internationalist, a man of affairs as comfortable in Paris or Munich as he is in New York, a man who speaks two or three languages fluently and without affectation and probably gets along in a couple more besides, and who sees in Europe not an escape from U.S. convention and materialism, but a tremendous economic challenge. His slogan is "Go east, young man—if you want to make a fortune." He has recognized that the new Europe, if not a land of unlimited possibilities, is a land of growth and promise, where he can ply a successful trade without worrying about stagnation for a long time to come.

Typical of this new, sophisticated, altogether un-ugly American breed is Robert M. Cobb, a 34-year-old Californian. Neither a Kiwanis-type booster nor a Left-Bank driftnik, Cobb knows exactly what he wants—stimulation, money and the satisfactions of accomplishment—and how to get it. Charged with analyzing European investment opportunities for U.S. companies, he has recently been instrumental in arranging a multi-million dollar participation in the Richmond-Farben combine, and lining up a number of European publishers to work with some U.S. interests in establishing an international mass-circulation consumer magazine. Cobb's headquarters are in Brussels, where he is a junior partner in the firm of Webber, Hill & Durant. He spends relatively little time there, however, except for periodic conferences and briefing sessions at the central offices of the European Economic Community, otherwise known as the Common Market. For the most part, he lives out of alternate two-suiters carefully packed by his housekeeper at his Brussels bachelor apartment.

Cobb, a graduate of the University of California, learned German and French at the Universities of Basel and Freiburg and at the School of International Studies in Geneva. He has been on his present job almost five years, regularly visits his parents in San Francisco at Christmas (but returns for a wild European New Year's celebration), occasionally makes rapid two-day trips to New York which briefly throw his system out of kilter because of the quick change of time that has come with jet travel. He makes close to \$30,000 a year, a good deal of which he invests, and very profitably, in a construction company that puts up suburban housing developments in—of all unlikely places—the new African coastal republics. Since, in addition to his evident business successes, he is also tall, well-built and quite handsome, he has to fight off the girls, both domestic (sic'ed on him by his family who are afraid he'll be trapped by some Parisian hussy) and foreign (who consider him a good U.S. connection). He defends himself against such assaults with great aplomb and continental charm, and his zig-zag trail across Europe is scattered with delighted casualties.

To give you an insight into this new type of European existence, I should tell you about two days out of Cobb's life. He had spent a weekend spring-skiing in St. Moritz before he met me, late on a Sunday night, in Frankfurt. Over some bottles of *Löwenbrau*, we discussed our upcoming appointments, then retired. Promptly at 9 a.m. the next morning, we arrived for a talk with a local businessman, then raced out to the airport to catch a Pan-Am jet to London where we were due for a 3 p.m. conference in the "City." Bad news greeted us over the P.A. system: the flight was delayed indefinitely. Cobb glanced at his watch. "Hey, we might still make the JAL jet," he said, and started running. The Japan Air Lines flight, London-bound from Tokyo via Hong Kong, Karachi, Kuwait,

(Continued on page 29)



family headed for the Homes and Gardens building I'd tell them I wanted to watch the diving bell and slip away to the midway in time for the come-on parade. Sally herself sometimes came out to wave her famous fan at us. Then her girls would prance out on the platform long legged and astonishingly pretty, wearing cowboy hats and boots but damned little in between. What gauzy wrappings they did have on disappeared, the barker promised, on the inside. I stared at those creatures with their rounded, near naked breasts and their frozen smiles, wondering what each girl was like. I made up names for them. The longer I looked the faster my pulse throbbed as I transmitted my silent devotion. Those girls are still a breasty, unreal symbol of beautiful purity to me. I never let myself wonder how they look now—blonde, blank Peaches and twinkling Betty Boop and luscious, sullen, red-haired Joan—a quarter of a century later.

Treasure Island closed in late 1940 to become a naval base. It was a sign of the times. Across the continent the New York Fair with its 1200 acres of World of Tomorrow buildings, its famed pointed trylon and rotund perisphere, its miles of foreign exhibits, its Billy Rose Aquacade, its midget village, packed up too. Frank had made it back by sleeper plane, a very big-deal way of travelling then. In almost 100 years of international fairing the New York show had proved one of the biggest, claiming a smashing 45 million visitors by closing day. San Francisco had enjoyed a huge gate too. But like the 1915 fair, those two shows ended their era. A year after, the young men who'd worked them were dying in Hawaii and the Philippines. And in the twenty-five years since, it has often seemed we'd never have a fair again. Or a world for that matter.

Yet we have. But while New York made its plans Seattle dry gulched 'em. That city suddenly decided it needed world attention. By 1962 it certainly had it with a world's fair that included Swedish monorails, exhibits from fifty-nine nations, that vaguely obscene Space Needle lording over it all like a futuristic toadstool, and girls, girls, girls! All to the good, except it raised hell with New York. It seems a country can have a world's fair only now and then, so the Flushing Meadows effort was thrown into a somewhat illegitimate light. New York fair officials felt like thanking Seattle with an ICBM missile.

But the biggest city in the world was hardly to be outdone by a mere upstart of a village like Seattle. The bulldozers began bulldozing, the building contractors contracted and the New York fair has been booming along at crash-program speed ever since. By opening day, Seattle's fair will be a dim memory.

The frequency-of-fairs limitation has had drastic results. Many nations—France, England, Russia and Italy conspicuous among them—have declined to participate. Thus in many cases it will be individual organizations that will carry their nations' colors into the action. Even many American states have decided not to display. The fair's president, the irrepressible Robert Moses of power authority and slum clearance fame, faces an equally embarrassing problem with transportation. Where are the roads to handle the cars? Flushing is in Queens and Queens already suffers some of the worst traffic jams in the United States. Add the fair traffic, and Moses can only hope crowds will use the subway specials scheduled to run from Times Square. In the meantime the City rushes what new roads it can.

What will you and I see when the fair opens? Peace Through Understanding is the theme, but with not all

nations participating that sounds a bit over optimistic. A giant skeletal world will dominate the center. A Swiss Ski Ride will convey you high above much of the fair-ground, with little motor trains and buses handling the chore below. Your wanderings will be divided into five areas filled with parks, fountains and ultra-modern buildings—or to wit, International, Industrial, Federal and State, Transportation, and—ho ho!—Amusement, hard by Meadow Lake. The International is, of course, a sticky subject. The Federal and State doesn't look too healthy either. But if politics suffer, God and Mammon are doing fine. Billy Graham will sport a pavilion topped by gold dome and frizzily pom pom that will dazzle heaven itself. A monorail will uplift the less celestial-minded. Rheingold will serve it up cold in a traditional garden according to the models and plans. And Texas, we're promised, will sponsor a history of musical comedy in a theater-club. And on and on.

As usual the car boys are lead-footing for first place.

The rumor is that the Ford Motor Company gave Walt Disney's boys one line of instruction: "Beat General Motors." Win or lose, however, Ford's is one of the most elaborate and expensive exhibits at the Fair. Ford, with Disney's help, drives you through history in an electronic V-8. General Motors presents its extravaganza in a building that ends in an immense wheel. That gives me an idea. If wheels can represent cars why not go hog-wild and make the other buildings really match their corporate products? Schaefer Beer tends this way, intentionally or not, with a dome that might remind the thirsty of a foaming head of lager. And the model of the Philippine building I saw is roofed like an Oriental hat. But why be half safe? How about a building like a huge mattress for the bedding interests? A giant cash register showing "No Sale" for the register and savings folks? General Electric couldn't be more brightly housed than in a three-story fluorescent tube. But what of Scott Paper? Ah, they're only slightly behind me, boasting of "the most elegant and elaborate rest rooms ever installed."

You might get the idea by now that I'm annoyed by the preponderance of corporate and trade shows. I am. But take my crankiness for what it's worth. And then take the Amusements. So far we see no girls in sight but American Indians instead, a wax museum, a circus, *dancing* waters, golden beaches by the lake, music and what have you. There's also a big stadium in a different area for athletics. And the whole fair has food. Exotic food. Hot-doggy food. Which no fair would be a fair without.

And if you're disappointed with the fair itself, any fair, you can simply eat or drink yourself into a state of insensibility, or at least bland acceptance. As a fair-trotting kid, I often overate.

Considering these hundreds of acres of exhibits, dancing waters, cars, rest rooms *extraordinaire*, beer and the ski ride, how can I possibly kick? All right, I give in. Seattle has stolen the international thunder, and with New York's land and construction prices what they are, this is probably the best of all possible fairs for us. It's just that I'm a Chavez. Seventy years of exposition-exploring behind me make me expect too much. And deep in my heart I know that nothing can ever replace Little Egypt, or fine French wines and lace, or handtooled German trains, or the fabulous, redolent memory of the Court of Flowers—just as nobody can recreate all the dignity and craft and leisure of the times that made the old fairs so great. Mr. Moses can offer only what much of America herself is today. •



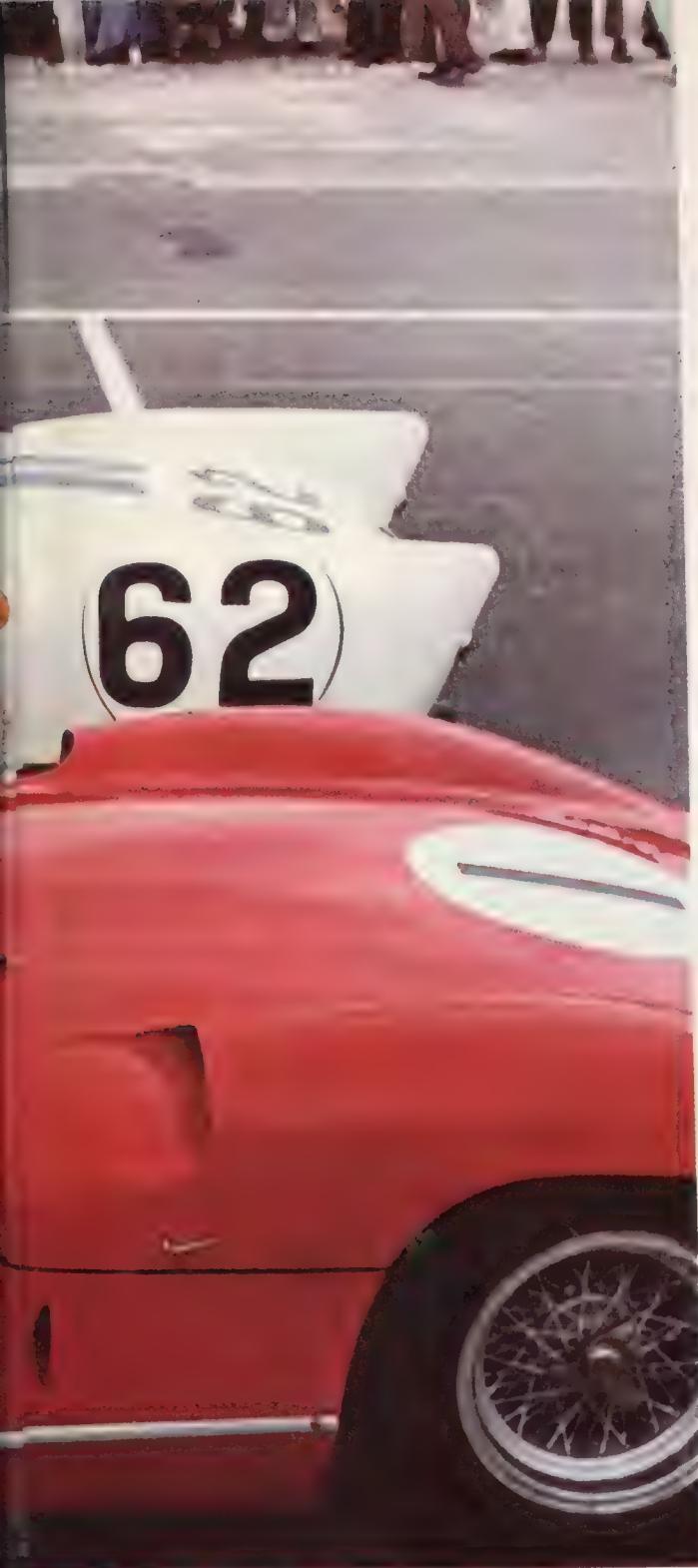
Auto maestro
Luigi Chinetti
plus champion
drivers Dan
Gurney and
Pedro Rodriguez
plus these ace
mechanics plus
these cars



ALL ADD UP TO...



NORTH AMERICAN RACING

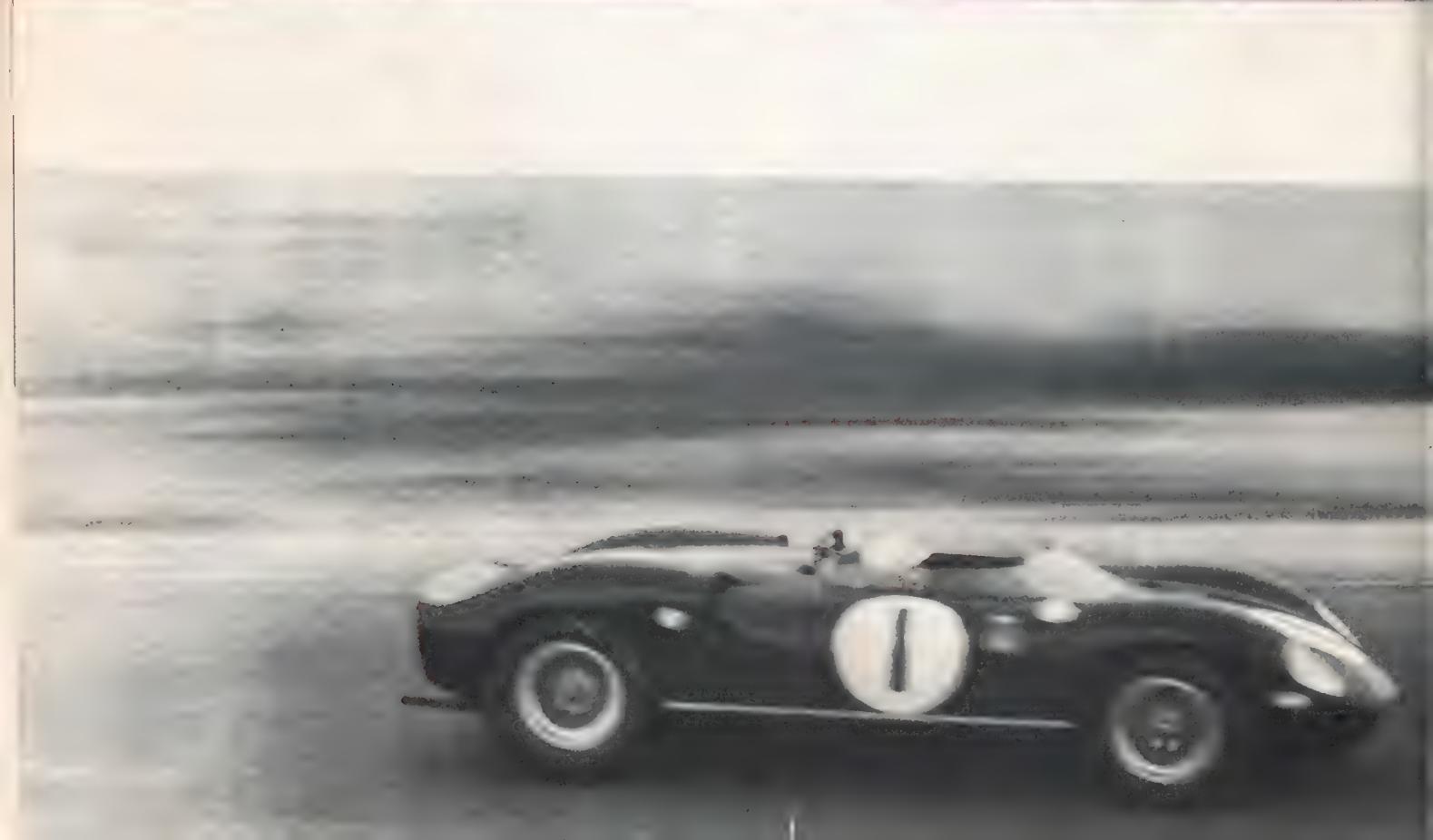


TEXT BY MICHAEL GRUBER

TEAM

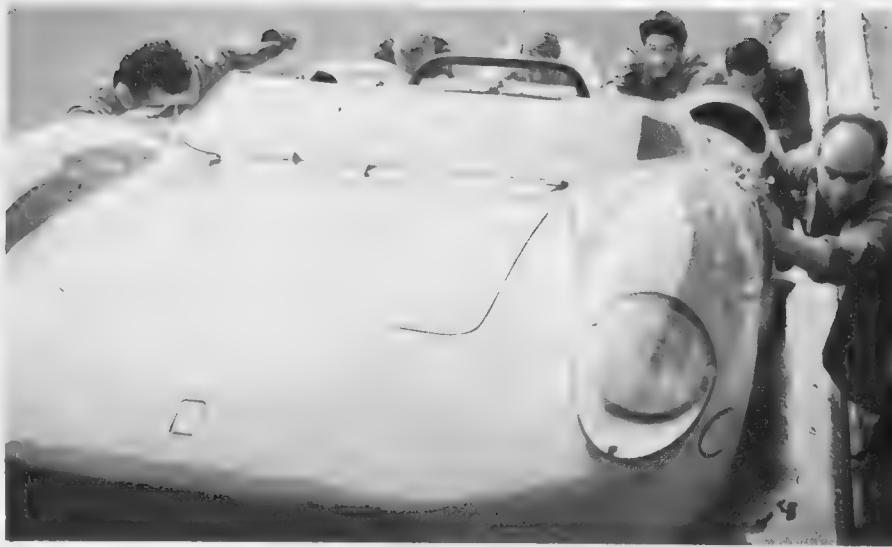
To the casual eye, sports car racing is a sport of the lone hero, like Channel swimming or marathon running. One sees only the struggle of the driver and the machine, which might have dropped from heaven like the armor of some mythical knight for all the average spectator cares. But the cars, like their drivers, are made, not born. Neither do they browse of their own will on gasoline and oil. The winning, or even the running, of a sports car race is the product of a number of individual (and often erratic) geniuses. This is especially true when the world's premier sports car, Ferrari, races. The story of the race run by the Ferrari N.A.R.T., the race shown on these pages, begins, of course, with the car. Ferraris are made by Enzo Ferrari, a mysterious old gentleman, in Modena. That is, Signor Ferrari does not build the cars in his basement, with his own hands; he has a factory, but the effect is the same. The cars are then flown by Alitalia to the shop of Luigi Chinetti, Ferrari's viceroy in North America, who completes their assembly and has them tuned. The tuning of a racing Ferrari is not the same thing as the "tune-up" you get at your local gas station. A Ferrari is tuned like an orchestra, and like an orchestra it needs a conductor to pick out sounds that do not belong. An unmuffled V-12 Ferrari engine turning over within the confines of a testing shed creates a noise to gray the hair and loosen the fillings of lesser men, yet the mechanic with his ear two inches from the screaming machine can detect the grasshopper sound of







a slack timing chain or the twitter of a valve train out of sync. The car is tuned until the hour of the race, for upon the tuning and the mechanics who perform it depends the reputation of the firm, the success of the car and the fortunes, if not the very life of the driver. For the racing sports car is, literally, a bomb. The GTO Ferrari encloses a crankshaft that spins at 8500 revolutions per minute, or twice the rate of a new family sedan. Let one part, however small, fail in its contribution to the whole, and the ravenous speeds at which the engine operates will insure disaster. With luck the car simply stops. Or it may explode and burn. Or it may become a projectile, flying with dreadful force at a wall, another car, the grandstand. Mechanics and drivers know the difficulty of determining what a car will do at speed, but they trust each other and themselves. This is what makes them part of a racing team. The cars of the N.A.R.T. are not Grand Prix Ferraris, the ferocious red beasts of Monte Carlo and Nurburgring. They are sports and Gran Turismo (GTO) models, a trifle slower and larger than the Grand Prix cars, but still very small and very fast. The V-12 driven by Pedro Rodriguez is a sports car: it has two seats and a spare tire. Dan Gurney's GTO is a production coupe. (If you give Mr. Chinetti a great deal of money, he may let you have one for your very own.) On the day before the race there is practice. Pit crews rehearse, shaving seconds. Drivers learn the secrets of the enemy track. Strangely enough, the speed of the



pit crew is more important than the speed of the car. Moments lost on a tire change must be regained at tremendous risk on the track, if they can be regained at all. But on race day, it is only the cognoscenti and the Germans who observe the pits, stop-watches in hand. The team has withdrawn from the spotlight, like second ballerinas, and the driver as hero stands alone. His is the flesh on the line, he treads the thin and brittle edge of speed, for glory and for Ferrari!

ESCAPEADE WISHES TO EXPRESS ITS THANKS TO THE MEN OF N.A.R.T. WHOSE ASSISTANCE MADE THIS FEATURE POSSIBLE.



Cairo, Rome and Frankfurt, had already reloaded its passengers. There was a flurry of frantic activity as Cobb persuaded JAL to take us aboard and Pan Am to surrender our tickets to JAL. A special bus rushed us out on the tarmac and we were off. On the plane, while eating delicious little pastries taken aboard in Rome, Cobb scanned the Paris Herald, the European edition of the New York Times, the Münchner Merkur and the Handelsblatt as well as Paris Soir, tearing out stories that were important for him. He put them in a JAL envelope and handed it to the kimonoed stewardess for mailing to his office.

At London Airport, officials barely glanced at our passports and did not open our bags. ("They don't do that much anymore," Cobb explained to me. "Smuggling is going out of fashion. Nothing easier these days than to cross borders in Europe. But watch it when you go back to the States. They'll look at every single damn thing you've got with you.") He was right. The tables were turned. Old, regimented Europe had become happily free-enterprising while the U.S. had become increasingly timid and red-taped. We made the London appointment just on time, then raced back to the airport to catch the same JAL jet as it left at 7 p.m. on its return run to Frankfurt and points east. That night, in Frankfurt, Cobb took me to the "Erotica," a nightclub that advertised "an entirely new sex sensation" and where he knew a long-legged, blond dancer who appeared in a dress that was decollete down to her knees. The one thing that hadn't changed in the new Europe was sex sensation, but it was a pleasant evening nonetheless.

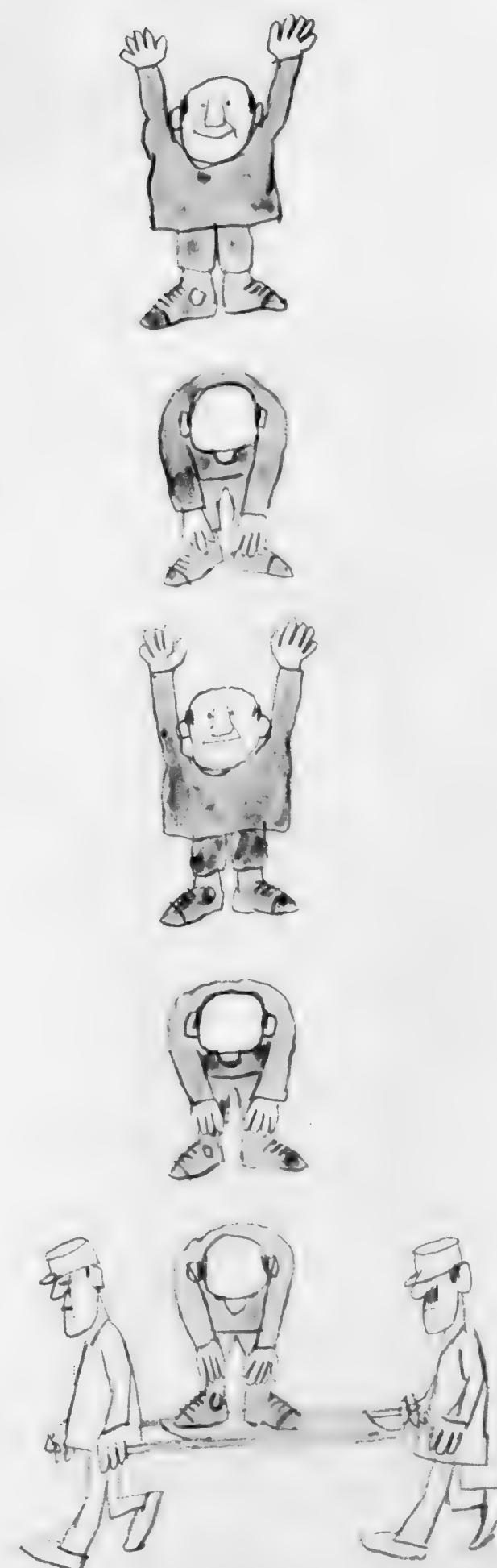
The next morning, as energetic as ever, Cobb showed up in the lobby at 8:30, ready for our next Frankfurt business call. By noon we were at the airport again, had lunch on an Air France *Caravelle*, arrived in Paris in time for an early afternoon appointment. Two hours later, Cobb—this time without me—was taxiing back to the airport to make the last connection to Vienna via Austrian Air Lines which, he assured me, serves the best food of any airline in Europe and much better than any in the U.S.

Cobb's breathless pursuit of business and pleasure is par for men who do things in the new Europe. There are contacts to be seen, deals to be closed, factories to be inspected, new girls to be met, old mistresses and wives to be appeased on hurried visits home. And all the while, the bank accounts keep building up as Europe grows by leaps and bounds, enjoying a gross annual product appreciation of close to five per cent, almost double that of the United States.

Of course, it is easier to grow when you start nearly from scratch; and particularly when the industrial apparatus is unburdened by antiquated machinery whose very existence exercises economic and political pressures in favor of the status quo. And, of course, it is also true that the blossoming of the new Europe could never have taken place without U.S. financial aid. In an effort to keep Western Europe free of communism, we helped create a business Frankenstein, a giant with whom we must cooperate no matter what industrial and economic changes this may necessitate back home. That is—if they will let us cooperate in the long run. Already there are some hints of resistance against U.S. participation in Europe's rosy future: not an unnatural reaction when you suddenly find you can stand tall and firm on your own feet.

The way Europe gained its independence was to follow the American model, and quite literally so. Shortly after the war, it embarked on the long and arduous road of

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LOTTE



*Directly across
the cold North Sea
from Scotland
lies Denmark, land
of pastry,
melancholy Danes
and Lotte Tarp,
the tastiest slice
of Danish
this side of
Copenhagen. In
the chill
winters Lotte
lives in the
capital city in a
200-year-old
mansion on The
King's Lyngby,*







opposite the residence of His Royal Highness, the Heir Presumptive of Denmark. During the summer Lotte is off to her family's summer home at Kattegat, the sea between Denmark, Norway and Sweden. While there, Lotte spends many solitary hours in a robaad, punting through the primitive fens that almost dominate the area. But in the fall, it's back to Copenhagen and a strenuous regimen of modern jazz ballet lessons, the drama academy and an occasional small but important role in television. It is Lotte's ambition to be a great dramatic actress. She has "acted" in one movie. At the age of sixteen,





*all of two years ago,
Lotte performed,
nude, in a film called
Crazy Paradise.
Paradise, yes; crazy,
no. And it is
doubtful that any
male in the
audience took special
note of her
acting abilities.
Lotte's father
is a famous Danish
composer, and
Lotte is without a
doubt his finest
composition to date.*

It was too good a chance. He had to see her and didn't care at all what happened. "Tonight, sir," he lied, "at sundown."

The colonel looked at him vaguely. "You people go to church?"

"Yes, sir. There's a service in Dallas and I think we should get an early start."

He was in her apartment by early evening. She made coffee and they sat and talked, edgy, mocking each other a little. They were going out for dinner and he watched her pick a simple black dress and pearls. He couldn't get over her style, a country girl from Sandy Springs. He sat on the couch and read a magazine while she brushed her hair. Once, she stopped to look at him through the mirror and tapped the brush slowly against her chin. When she slipped into the dress, he linked the pearls around her throat and kissed her hair. He directed her face to the mirror and learned his own on her shoulder. They smiled at the artless contrast: one, dark and heavy-featured; the other, a bright fine relief from his brooding look.

She felt his hands lowering the zipper and made no movement. But when he slipped the dress off one shoulder, she pulled away. They sat on the couch and smoked, then repeated the farce a few more times before she let him undress her, everything but the pearls. He fumbled with his own clothes, afraid she'd change her mind, but she quietly helped him and he lay down beside her.

They saw each other three times a week. He went into Dallas on the weekend and she came to Gainesville on Wednesdays. Whenever they finished making love, she perched herself at the foot of the bed, hands wrapped around her knees, and asked him about his home and family, what New York was like, what Jewish people thought about, what he wanted to do when the war was over. He thought she was adorable and made up things to please her, even to a non-existent, bearded grandfather, a patriarch and Talmudic scholar. He ached, almost with pity, he thought, when she asked to be taught things—he was so bright, she said. She always used that word, drawing it—braahyt. Teach me things, she begged, so you won't be ashamed of me.

She was right. It was the best time of his life, the only free, pure moments he could remember. "We did have a great time," he said, "I never had it that way with anyone else again."

"Oh, come on, a boy like you. Those girls up in New York must be wild about you."

"Are you still married?" He didn't know what to say.

"Yes."

"Are you happy?"

"Yes, Billy Joe and I are pretty happy. But you sure got to work at it. Didn't you ever get married, honey?"

"No—I couldn't get you out of my mind."

"That's just sweet talk, Dave. Don't even have any meaning no more. I'm just an old married hag now."

"You're beautiful. I looked at your pictures today."

"You wouldn't think so if you saw me now. That was a long time ago."

"Six years. Only six years. You don't know how sorry I am. I could have had you. I just keep eating myself up."

"Don't think about it anymore. You were just a boy then. I knew it, I did. The first night in my place, remember? I looked at you when I was dressing. You didn't see me looking, but I was thinking, just a boy. I was older than you, but I wouldn't tell you that. You mad at me for fibbing?"

"No, not for anything."

"I just couldn't help myself. You were so fresh and

smart and sometimes sweet as the devil."

"You wanted to marry me, remember? I was so damn stupid."

"Don't go thinking that way. You were a loving person."

"Why didn't I know how much I'd miss you?"

"No one knows how things turn out, honey." He thought he heard her sigh. "Don't fret about it. I don't like to think that you're unhappy."

One night she had said, "Billy Joe'll understand. He'll give me a divorce. Marry me—you won't be ashamed of me in New York. I'll get schooling and learn and do whatever you want. I'll be a good wife and won't shame you."

"Why do you keep harping on that," he said, "about me being ashamed. I never talked that kind of crap to you. You're beautiful, Laura, you've got style." But he knew he never fooled her and felt sick at the knowledge. "You know," he continued, "I feel like a heel. We're fooling around and your husband is out there in the Pacific." He thought it had just the right edge of melodrama, offhand but serious. She looked at him for a long time, her face solemn, and he knew she understood what it really was, what a scared little snob he was.

"I can't put you out of my mind. Look—I'm coming through Dallas in a month or so." It was a lie, but he thought of a whispered call, a hotel room, the first panicky embrace and taking her again. Once she was that close, she wouldn't be so cool.

"Please—"

"I'll see you, won't I?" It wasn't what her voice indicated. But she was all of the festering past he could recall now, and he began to believe he would make the trip.

"No. Please. Don't spoil anything. I have such nice memories of you. Please don't come here."

"The hell with that!" he shouted. "What have I got?"

"You didn't want me."

"I did. I swear I did. You know that. You must know it. It's just that—" He began to cry. "I didn't know what the hell to do about it. I was such a young kid."

She laughed. "Sometimes, Dave, I used to think you were the biggest baby-boy I ever saw. And sometimes you were such a tough guy, not just playing at it, but real tough. I didn't know what to make of you. But, Lord, I was sweet on you. Don't ever forget that."

Sweet on him! The nerve of the damned bitch. She was mad about him and used to break into a sweat if she thought she wasn't pleasing him. Sweet on him! She made it sound like nothing.

"I've got to go now," she said. It was sudden and cold.

"No. Please don't. Remember once I had to leave you and you begged me to stay, only there was nothing I could do because it was the Army. But I would have done anything for you, Laura. Don't leave me now . . ."

"You're getting yourself into a pet about nothing. We're strangers. I haven't seen you in years. I only knew you for a few months."

"Don't you ever think of me?" She was silent for a long time. He thought the connection was broken and shouted frantically into the phone.

"I'm still here." Her voice was flat and dead. "You know, I could get real mad at you." She paused. "You lousy coward son-of-a-bitch!"

The last morning in Gainesville he waited for Fowler to pick him up by car. The horn suddenly blared and they both jumped, startled that the moment had come, staring, resisting the last embrace and goodby. Laura, what in hell am I supposed to do. Soon, baby, soon. He didn't know what he meant and started for the door without saying good-by—their sensible, desperate rule—trying to lock it all away, what the room looked like, where she stood when

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trinidad



“Treen-ee-dahd” or simply “Trinidad” in your Made in U.S.A. accent, the name brings to mind the limbo, calypso tunes, the blazing rhythm of steel bands, white sand beaches, beautiful brown-skinned maidens and a never-ending carnival atmosphere. And it's all true, except for the carnival, which lasts for the two days preceding Ash Wednesday. Survivors of the carnival insist, however, that it lasts for much longer than two days, or at least it seems so to them.

Trinidad was discovered by Columbus in 1498, during his third voyage to the New World. Sighting three hills from the mouth of the Moruga River, he named the lush green island “La Trinidad” and claimed it for the Queen of Spain.

Eons before Columbus' arrival, Trinidad (and nearby Caribbean islands) were

inhabited by the Stone Age Ciboney people and the Arawak Indians from the South American mainland. The Arawaks of Trinidad reached an advanced state of civilization before being conquered and assimilated by the warlike Caribs who invaded from the larger islands.

It was not until 1584 that the Spanish succeeded in subduing the Caribs and colonizing Trinidad. But they were not to hold the island without having to fight off the British, French and Dutch.

Toward the end of the 18th century the Spanish invited settlers to the island, offering liberal land grants to those who would farm the rich soil. The population rose from 1,000 to 12,000, with the newcomers mainly French. The only condition imposed by the Spanish government was that the amount of land granted to the colonist be in proportion to the number of persons available for farm labor. So the settlers imported slaves from Africa, and today a large proportion of Trinidad's people have a light-coffee complexion and speak a French patois.

In 1802 Trinidad was ceded to the British, who soon abolished slavery. The slaves then renounced the land, which they closely associated with their former bondage. The English were then forced to rely on their system of indentured servants to supply the necessary labor force. From all parts of the British Empire there came a steady influx—Portuguese, Chinese, Indians. Later, Syrian and Lebanese traders, fleeing religious persecution, found Trinidad a tolerant and prosperous haven. Thus, Trinidad's population is an admixture of many races, nationalities and religions.

For tourists, Trinidad is a colorful blend of the cosmopolitan and the primitive.

WHERE THE BEST OF ALL WORLDS MEET AND MERGE.



PHOTOS/HUGH BELL



While the limbo is the most popular dance, the less athletic and more inhibited can find congenial dancing styles at such night spots as La Boucan in the Trinidad Hilton, and the Normandie. The gourmet can sample native Creole dishes and the most exotic of Chinese and Indian fare, yet the finest of British, American and Continental favorites are also available.

Swimmers, fishermen, skindivers can live on, in or beneath the blue waters at any season: the temperature is always ideal. Beachcombers can explore the beaches, hidden coves and lagoons; shoppers can browse for bargains in the quaint shops and marketplaces; girl-watchers will find much worth watching. Perhaps inevitably, Trinidad's main export is happy tourists.

he walked out, how she looked.

Just before he got into the car, he looked back. Her face was dim against the streaked window. He touched his fingertips to his lips and waved. Like the end of all the war films, he thought, the last of Laura Ruth Tanner. His heart beat in a rage as the car sped over the dark road to camp.

All that day he was busy with packing, signing out, getting travel vouchers, saying good-bys. He knew that she was taking an early bus to Dallas and would be in the store about noon. He had to talk to her again. But when he called, she sounded quiet and not too unhappy. The tranquil voice angered him, but she said she was trying to be good, make it easy for him the way he asked. He kept pushing her until she cried. Their talk became shaky promises, but he didn't ask her to come to the station.

He checked his baggage through at the Dallas station and waited, a slow, insistent fear clawing at him. He was leaning against a porter's truck talking to a captain when, without turning, he knew that she was standing in back of him. He wheeled and saw her slack, sullen face. She was fighting back tears, but her mouth began to tremble.

"You're running out on me."

"What are you talking about?"

"You're running out on me in my condition."

"Your condition. What-?" Then he remembered. Weeks before, she'd hinted, but he ignored it and she never mentioned it again.

"I didn't want to tell you until I was sure. I'm so god-damn scared!"

Then, with the coincidental melodrama of his life, the conductor shouted for the passengers to board the train. He ran down the platform with his arm around her, telling her where to write, that he'd send her money. For an instant he thought of staying, but jumped onto the steps as the train began moving and shouted that he'd call her as soon as he could, make arrangements for her to come to California and stay until he shipped out.

He sent her two telegrams from the train and mailed a letter at Albuquerque. Most of the three-day trip he spent staring out the window, disturbed by the expanse of desert and slashed country and mute, scissored mountains on the horizon, threatened by an immense loneliness. One night he lay in his berth as his train moved slowly past another in a New Mexico town. He saw couples talking and laughing in the bright diner and hated her for letting him go away.

In Los Angeles he had only a few minutes to make the train to Salinas, and ran down the long concourse, struggling with his heavy bag. The handles broke and, still running, he shifted it to his shoulder and reached the platform as the train was pulling away. He threw the bag into the window of one car and climbed up the one behind. He ripped his necktie away and sat there sweating and breathing hard, the exertion wrenching her face from his mind, pushing her away.

He wondered why she was so angry, but knew if he didn't talk about something else, she'd hang up. Lamely, he asked her if she ever saw any of the people they used to drink with, and she said that she was busy with her son and kept pretty much to home now. He pretended to be delighted.

"Is he the boy who answered the phone?"

"Yes."

"He sounds like a nice kid." He suddenly knew what she was going to tell him and his heart began to pound.

"He's yours."

He believed her. He knew he could have snatched at

any random emotion and it would have been appropriate, but he said nothing.

"Yours and mine. I wasn't ever going to tell you, but when you called like this—don't spoil anything—please!"

"You mean your husband?" He was still calm.

"Him and the boy. When it happened, I had to write to Billy Joe and tell him. All he said was for me not to worry, just get the best care I could, that if I loved the baby he'd take it for his own and love it. He was so good. But I think if he ever knew who you were, he'd kill you."

It was beyond anything he could understand, that saint of a husband. He slumped against the side of the booth, his head resting on the wall phone.

He reported to headquarters at Fort Ord, then rushed to wire her money for an abortion. There had been no talk about it in the last seconds at the station, but he never thought of any other way out. He wrote and said he was miserable because he couldn't be with her. She replied that everything was all right and for him not to worry. The arrangements were made and she was going to stay with a friend after the operation.

Her third letter was rambling and moody. She said that the trouble was over and told him how sorry she was she couldn't have his child, how much she loved him. Could she come out for a few days? He wanted her to come, but was alerted that night.

While he waited for the ship in San Francisco, her letter was forwarded to him. It contained a check for the money he'd sent her, and a note:

I know how bad you must need this. Don't fret about me. I had some money and borrowed the rest from Mary at the restaurant. You remember her, the fat one who was always teasing you and called you "Laura's Jew lover." Besides, it was my fault—a married woman ought to know better.

"Dave, I really got to go now. Say good-bye."

"No!" The hand holding the phone was cramped and beginning to tremble. "Let me hear him again."

"It's better if you don't. I'll love you to the day I die for giving me my child if you don't make trouble. I trust you, that's why I told you."

"What am I supposed to do?"

"Just what you did for the last six years. Keep to yourself and no one'll get hurt that way. I always wondered why you didn't come to see me when you got back."

"There were reasons—one damn thing after another. But I'm not the only guilty one. Why did you lie to me in your letters? Why didn't you tell me when he was born?"

"Believe me, sweet, I thought about it until I almost went crazy. But I knew you wouldn't ever do anything about it. You were just a boy with a lot of passion and nothing much else. Maybe I was wrong. If I was, I'm sorry. I don't want to hurt you. And the Lord Jesus'll tell you I've been punished myself."

"But you could have told me."

"It's easy to say it now, but it would have made you real unhappy. And you were going overseas. I didn't want you to worry."

He saw how funny it was, the way it all changed. She was trying to be nice to him. She had all the marbles—and that wasn't the way he thought it was at all. "What if I insist on seeing him?"

"Look," she snapped, "you're thinking of finding someone from a long time ago, and going to bed with me. It's not really seeing the boy. Isn't that true? Well, isn't it, damn it?" She paused. "I'll tell you something, honey, and it's the truth. You'd be disappointed. I don't even get a kick out of sex any more." Then suddenly she blurted, "What was the matter with us? Was it all nothing but...?"

(Continued on page 59)



"Him we call Dopey!"

forming its own united states. The father of this new economic empire was Jean Monnet, the French economist. Helping him was Robert Schuman, then French foreign minister and a man of international orientation. Taken by Monnet's concept of pooling Europe's basic resources, Schuman, in 1950, proposed establishment of the European Coal and Steel Community which was to include France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg. The ECSC was born in 1951 under Schuman's auspices; Monnet became its first president, Paul-Henri Spaak the first president of its "parliament." This body, given the power to tax by the member nations, thus actually became a supra-national body. By 1955, it had become evident, with the growing prosperity of the participating nations, that such a venture was indeed workable, and a new organization (the European Atomic Energy Community) was formed to cooperate in the development and peaceful use of atomic power. By 1957, these bodies were integrated into the "European Economic Community"—the Common Market—whose six member nations (the same as in the ECSC) agreed to reduce tariffs in stages until, by 1966, no barriers would exist to the exchange of goods between them. At the same time, they agreed to form a united tariff front against all other nations and trading blocs, thus achieving the economic characteristics of a single state, both internally and externally. When you consider the Common Market's population (more than 170 million) and its raw material and production resources (the biggest *up-to-date* industrial facilities in the world), you get an idea of the Common Market's inherent power.

Still, the Market does not incorporate all of free Europe. Britain put the jinx on that and has regretted it ever since. Faced by its commitments to the British Commonwealth, it turned down the Common Market invitation and set Europe literally at sixes and sevens. For Britain promoted a competitive trade bloc on the continent, the European Free Trade Association (EFTA), commonly known as the Outer Seven. It includes Britain, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland, Austria and Portugal. The Outer Seven, although smaller than the Common Market nations (total population about 90 million), less compacted and less industrialized (about 60 per cent of the Common Market's gross annual product), constitutes a very powerful trade body just the same. With each country having discretionary tariff powers against non-members, they form an effective union in which the growth that has already taken place and the growth that is projected on the basis of past performance almost equals that of the Common Market. Despite this economic split, the combined gross national product of the thirteen nations is expected to exceed 340 billion dollars by 1970, according to conservative estimates—and that is considerably more than the output of the U.S. Nobody can say what additional impetus Europe's economy might receive if the split were to heal. Austria is already an associate member of the Common Market (in addition to its EFTA membership) and Britain, although turned down when it reconsidered and applied for Common Market membership recently, may well be admitted next time around. General DeGaulle presumably won't rule France forever; it was his blackball that excluded Britain, over the protest of the Common Market's chief executive, Walter Hallstein.

Meanwhile, there are increasing signs that DeGaulle's dream of a Paris-Bonn axis as the political and economic fulcrum of the new Europe is maturing into reality. This

establishment would not hamper Europe's development, but does spell out additional problems for the United States. There is a good chance, according to many well-informed observers, that such centralized concentration of economic power will give rise to a new European supranationalism that will turn against outside influences and interests and will leave us holding the short end of the magic wand.

"Try to look at it from our point of view," a French friend told me, "and be realistic. Militarily, we won't need you much longer—we'll have our own atomic deterrent. Economically we don't really need you even now. The United States is not the only foreign market that can buy our goods, and anyway we are now a big enough market ourselves to absorb our production. As for the dollars our export trade brings us, they cease to be necessary as soon as the goods you try to sell us cost more than we have to pay elsewhere, and that's already the case in many instances. If you want to deal with us, you must give us things we want at prices we are willing to pay. And your own economic position makes that virtually impossible."

What he meant was that the United States unit cost of production is so high that other countries can offer goods and raw materials at lower prices. At the same time, U.S. tariff barriers, designed to keep U.S. industry working despite the basically lower cost of goods that might be imported from other countries, create resentment and cut down on the dollars European countries can use to trade with the United States. According to some economists, we can get out from behind this eight-ball by quickly introducing automation in our industries in order to cut our unit costs. Obviously this would cause convulsions in our labor market, and nobody has yet made a really big move in this direction.

In view of all these complications, it is not surprising that U.S. capital tends less toward exporting to Europe than functioning within Europe itself. Increasingly, our companies are establishing European subsidiaries and joining in common ventures with European firms; and increasingly, too, American money is invested in European enterprises. So far, at least, there are no objections to the financing of new productive apparatus from the outside, and the rewards for such financing are handsome indeed.

And it is within this framework that young Americans like Bob Cobb are becoming the new expatriates; a small but growing body of men and women without a trace of the old naïveté of the U.S. businessman in matters foreign, who are truly internationalist in the capitalist sense, and who have instinctively retained the American characteristics which Europeans admire and respect: energy, drive, freedom from narrow continental inhibitions, cold integrity. These men have rejected those "American" characteristics so long despised by Europeans. They've shed cultural blockheadedness, missionary zeal, public morality that turns into an after-hours, "between-us-boys" lechery, emotional isolationism, distrust of strange customs and the attitude that foreigners are either quaint or evil or both. Needless to say, one can't become a person like that overnight. It takes inclination, education, discipline, training; and the Omaha public schools and Westchester Little Leagues aren't about to do it for you. But those who can really bridge the gap between the old-new world that is America and the new-old world that is modern Europe certainly find it worthwhile.

There is some sadness in this too, for a dream is gone. No longer is Europe an escape, no longer is it truly romantic. Today it's terribly real, and reality is a pleasure only for the man who can accept it, live with it, take advantage of it and shape it to his own ends.

AJHE

One day recently I encountered Ruby Braff, the cornetist, in Jim and Andy's, the 48th Street bar where New York's jazz musicians are prone to assemble.

"What's new, Ruby?" I said.

"What's new?" he said with his curious combination of saltiness and humor, "I'll tell you what's new: At the age of 36 I have come to the conclusion that there *is* a subconscious mind, that's what's new."

This principle, henceforth to be referred to as Braff's Law, is most pertinent to this discussion. Because of Braff's Law, men (and women) are always consistent. Even the maddest among us reveal a constancy to inner principle. The clothes we select, the way we decorate our homes, the way we walk or sit or make love, and the music, books and movies we like are all of a style, providing the individual is expressing his own tastes and not conforming to fad or cant.

Nowhere is this more apparent than in jazz, and nowhere in jazz is it more conspicuous than in the criticism of it. Without realizing it, the jazz critic usually tells more about himself than about the music when he writes a review.

Nat Hentoff suffered early and painful exposure to ethnic prejudice. He is extremely sensitive to racial questions, and an ardent, effective fighter for social reform. All this is legitimate and admirable, but it causes trouble in its application to music. Hentoff tends to evaluate music primarily in terms of its social content—as he tends to evaluate everything. Once, when singer Keely Smith said in a magazine interview that she planned to live in Las Vegas because it was a good family town, Hentoff angrily attacked her in *The Jazz Review* because Las Vegas is a lily-white town and Miss Smith had not criticized it as such. Hentoff is moved by art of protest and is inclined to undervalue art that concerns itself with anything else. This is the hidden meaning of a criticism of Oscar Peterson that he wrote for a recent issue of *Hi Fi/Stereo Review*:

"He is a superior grammarian with nothing to say." Translated, this means that Peterson concerns himself more with musical than social matters in his music, which makes him a lightweight on Hentoff's scale of values. It ain't necessarily so, and one wonders what Hentoff would have done had he lived in Beethoven's time and been required to review *Fidelio*. *Fidelio* is loaded with social significance and cries for freedom and such, but it was and is a bomb of an opera.

The quirks of the jazz critics became fascinating to me during the three years I spent as editor of *Down Beat*. After assigning record reviews to most of the better-known jazz critics and studying the work of the rest, I added another useless ability to my substantial collection of them: I can predict with fairly high accuracy what a given critic will say about a record and how he will rate it.

Don DeMicheal was my assistant and is now editor of the magazine, and we had to make the assignments judiciously in the attempt to circumvent the prejudices of the critics. There is one noted critic to whom we could not assign records by either Jelly-Roll Morton or Bernard Peiffer. He all but breaks out in a rash at the very mention of the late and admittedly egotistical Mr. Morton. Mr. Peiffer, on the other hand, sends him into paroxysms of admiration. I too like the playing of Peiffer, but the gentleman in question is positively batty about it.

The one critic I found almost free of prejudice, and therefore the one whose reviews I couldn't predict, was John S. Wilson, who contributes to *The New York Times*, *Down Beat* and *High Fidelity*. *The Times* and *High Fidelity* are dry publications, and Mr. Wilson, being a pro, tends to turn in to them reviews of an appropriate stuffiness. But given a little elbow-room, he is one of the most delightful and amusing of critics to read. I can still quote the opening paragraph of a review he wrote for *Down Beat* three years ago:

"I gather that I am practically alone in feeling

the jazz critics!

that Ben Webster is doing himself no favors in playing so close to the microphone on ballads that most of his would-be lyrical performances sound like concertoes for a bicycle pump. For those who find Webster a slowly escaping gas, this album should do."

Oddly enough, Wilson is, after Hentoff, the critic musicians dislike most. They believe he is opposed to modern jazz. When a modernist recently got an excellent review from Wilson, he was dumfounded. He needn't have been. The secret of Wilson's reviews is that he has a stubborn loyalty to certain basic values of jazz, including guts, vitality, musicality and swing; and he is likely to vivisect any record that lacks them, modern or otherwise. Since these values are increasingly rare in the work of modernists, it is they who run the best chance of arousing his ire. Only to that extent is Wilson predictable.

My first encounter with the jazz critics of national repute, Wilson and Hentoff included, came in 1959. Before that I had been music critic of the Louisville *Times*, absorbing the lore of classical criticism and collecting Fritz Reiner jokes. I was startled by the change of environment. The classical critics had seemed a stuffy and opinionated breed. The jazz critics were less stuffy but, if possible, more opinionated.

The difference, I soon saw, was rooted in the difference between the two arts. Classical criticism, like the music on which it depends, has a long and established tradition of standards. Critics work according to those standards and, though they may differ over how well a given artist meets them, there is approximate agreement on what the standards are. But jazz is only 60 years old, and the criticism of it dates back only as far as Ernest Ansermet's 1919 essay on Sidney Bechet. Jazz has not stood still from that time to this, therefore its critics have never been able to arrive at a consensus on even so basic a point as what it is.

Wilson, in an essay for the publi- (turn page)

A
searching
look at
a strange
race by
one who
lived among
them and
survived
to tell
his tale.

by Gene Lees

cation *Music 1961*, pointed out that it is easier to "unde-fine" jazz than to define it. He was once called as an expert witness to establish the vagueness surrounding the term in a court case. "According to press reports," he wrote, "I undefined for an hour and a half, which surprised me because it did not seem that long, and I could have gone on undefining for quite a while longer . . . Given the opportunity to feint, flourish, and fluster and run off in all directions, almost anyone can carry on an incontrovertible monologue in depth."

And this is exactly what the jazz critics do. Since no one can say for sure what jazz is, no one can fault them when they grandly dismiss someone's music with a contemptuous, "It isn't jazz."

Yet, given the passionate individualism of jazz itself, it is hardly surprising that the definition and interpretation of it should be individualistic. And, as Wilson observes, "The true jazz believer is just as adept at improvisation, solo or ensemble, as is the true jazz musician."

I may find the playing of Stan Getz poignantly lyrical, and Whitney Balliett will call it "whining." We are saying something similar, but by the cunning choice of adjectives we project different value judgments to the public. Neither of us is saying anything objectively meaningful about Getz. What we are doing is revealing something about how each of us responds to artistic phenomena.

There is a kind of inherent self-justification in all artistic criticism, but more in jazz than in any other art with which I am familiar. For example, the critics who write badly—and most of them do, being graduated fans, rather than writers—have been the major champions of the theory that technique doesn't matter if the music is full of feeling. The critics who write well usually have continued to insist on a high level of musicianship as well as feeling. This doesn't prove that the latter group is right, though I think it is. A man who has spent his life acquiring precision and subtlety of expression can no more say they are unimportant than the man who lacks them can say that they are vital.

Jazz seems to act as a huge Rorschach test for its critics. Hentoff looks at the art from a socio-political orientation; DeMicheal looks for emotional values; Wilson looks for craftsmanship, strength and continuity with the tradition; Whitney Balliett looks for things to say that will make his prose sound elegant and his taste seem superior; and Martin Williams reviews according to rarefied intellectual criteria the exact nature of which I have never been able to comprehend. André Hodeir in France is a special case: He is in direct communication with God.

Jazz musicians sense all this in reading reviews. They also sense technical insecurity in many critics. Some of them are amused by a Balliett review in the April 27, 1963, *New Yorker*. Writing on a concert, Balliett concluded:

"Charlie Parker's *Donna Lee* (*Indiana*) was then performed in a straightforward ensemble-solos-ensemble fashion by ten of the eighteen musicians on hand during the concert. As they neared the bridge of the final chorus, however, all the horns, improvising collectively, stumbled on a marvellous, shattering chord that had the furies in it and a moment-of-truth intensity."

For musicians, the moment of truth came with Balliett's reference to the "bridge" of the tune. *Donna Lee*, like *Indiana*, on which Parker based it, is a somewhat unorthodox tune that has no bridge. A fellow critic, spotting the bloop, clipped and sent it to the *New Yorker* with the appended question, "Was Mr. Balliett referring to the bridge to Ohio, Kentucky, or Illinois?" The *New Yorker*, which takes nothing seriously except itself, did not see fit to print it.

There are some critics who can't pick out a B-flat scale

on the piano, much less tell the contents of a seventh chord. One nationally known authority on jazz startled me recently by revealing that he was unaware that the standard pop tune chorus is 32 bars long. In general, however, the critics have a certain amount of basic knowledge of the mechanics of jazz, and DeMicheal, Ira Gitler (who, with Ralph J. Gleason, comes closest to Wilson in lack of musical prejudices) and Leonard Feather have good knowledge within certain limitations. Bill Mathieu and Don Heckman have still more but, being musicians, they have the inherent fault of almost all musician-critics, the tendency to measure everything against their own aesthetics. In other words, whereas they have more knowledge, they also have more prejudice.

Even those with some knowledge of the mechanics of jazz are usually short of knowledge of the general Western musical tradition. They can perhaps break down the rhythmic origins of jazz, tribe by African tribe, but know next to nothing about the sources of the melodic and harmonic material. If jazzmen knew nothing of European composition, it would be less important. But they do and are influenced by it, and it is incumbent on the critics to know the sources of non-jazz influences in evaluating their work.

The mystique surrounding Miles Davis might be less impenetrable if the critics knew as much about Ravel as Miles does. Another trumpeter, Donald Byrd, has a thorough knowledge of the classical trumpet literature. If he were not a Negro, Byrd would no doubt by now occupy the first-trumpet chair of a symphony orchestra that he has so long deserved and aspired to. So far as I know, no critic praising him has ever noted Byrd's debt to classical trumpet, much to his amusement.

Contrary to legend, an interest in "classical" music is not new to jazzmen. Although some musicians, past and contemporary, have been content to rely on their ears, many were interested in European music in the twenties. Bix Beiderbecke took an interest in the French Impressionists and his sensitive playing showed it. Don Redman, who defined the techniques of writing big-band jazz in the early twenties, was conservatory-educated. Yet, with the exception of John Hammond, very few of the old-line critics knew classical music, and some despised it.

This deficiency is not as pronounced as it once was, but it is still there. While a musician's knowledge will inevitably exceed a critic's in detail and depth, it is a melancholy matter when it also exceeds it in breadth, which in jazz it almost always does. It is unfortunate that few, if any, of the jazz critics know the Brahms quartets as saxophonist Phil Woods does. And how can any critic properly evaluate the work of Bill Evans without knowing the classical piano literature on which Evans so often draws?

This shortcoming leads to shallowness and outright error in reviewing. When Gerry Mulligan recorded a Debussy prelude, one critic described it as "a lovely ballad," thinking it was a pop song.

Pale borrowings from early Stravinsky have been hailed as major musical advances. Borrowing is legitimate enough. It was, I believe, Sir Thomas Beecham who said, "Mediocre musicians borrow. Great musicians steal." But in jazz there is rarely any attempt by the critics to discuss how well the jazzman has digested the morsel he has bitten off, because the critics know little of the loaf from which it was bitten. Confronted with Third Stream music, I was always at a loss for a reviewer to assign it to.

On the premise that if Third Stream could juxtapose bits of "classical" music with bits of jazz, it was legitimate to do the same thing in reviewing, I once assigned two albums of music by John Lewis and Gunther Schuller (titled "The Golden Striker" and "Third Stream Music") to two re-

(Continued on page 62)



The All-American Girl

BY ALEX AUSTIN

Millard went through the small package of photographs for the third time. He could hardly believe his eyes. The assortment of poses was fantastic, worse than most of the little books he had purchased in Tijuana. She was posing alone in some, with a man in others and then there were several in which a group of men and women had posed together. He did not recognize any of the other faces. They were all good-looking kids, the sort you find any afternoon in the dim small bars around the studios or in Schwab's on The Strip.

Finally he put the photographs down on his desk and he looked up at Harry Somes, who had been watching him.

"Believe me now, Dave?" Somes asked, a faint smile tracing the edges of his lips. He was a tall, very thin, grey man in his fifties. "Well, do you?"

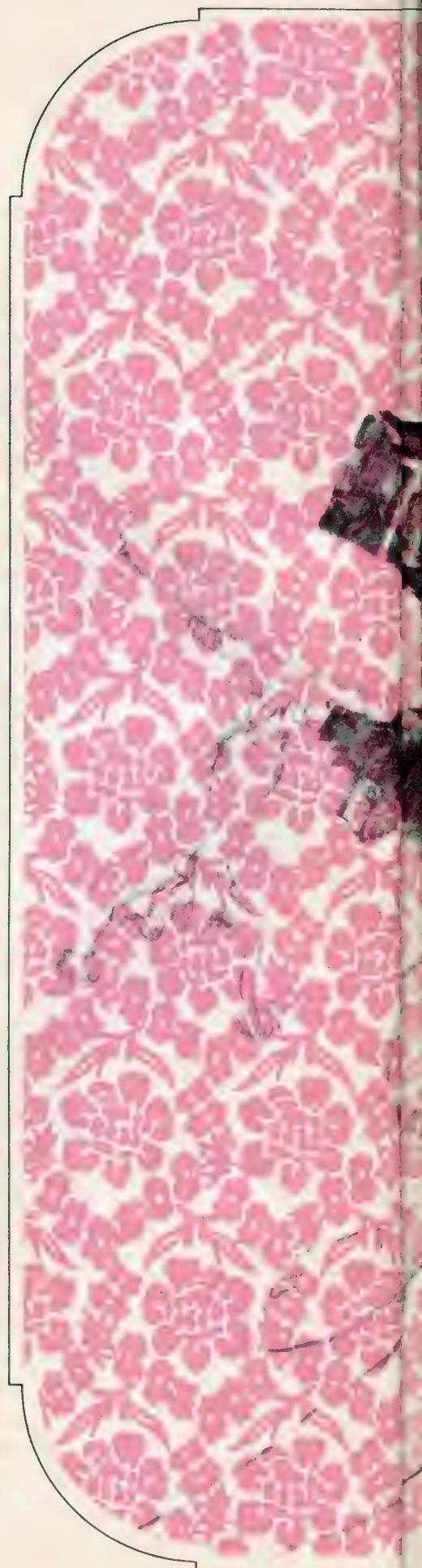
"The duchess herself," Millard said.

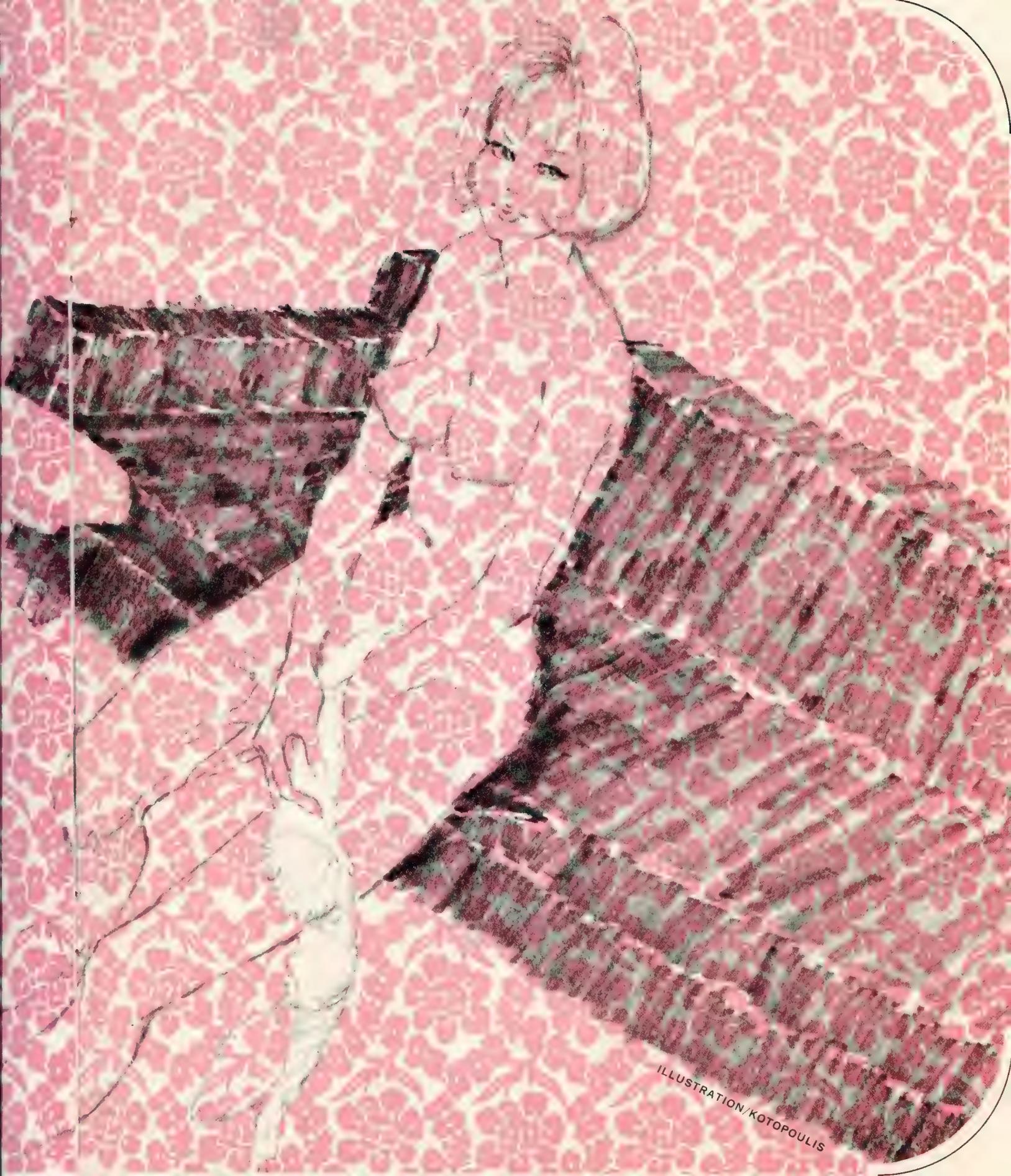
"Little Miss Virginity of 1956, eh?"

The two men laughed. "The best yet," said Millard. He reached up and scratched the side of his round face. He had very small eyes and a very small mouth and a flat nose that looked as if it had once been broken.

"I didn't believe it myself," Somes said.

Then: "Harry," Millard said, (to page 53)





ILLUSTRATION/KOTOPULIS

WITH WIT AND URBANITY,
A WRITER CHASTENS
THE VILLAINOUS MAGAZINE
EDITORS. (LIES, ALL LIES!)

Editors have been castigated in novels by angry writers and held out of the windows of tall buildings by unhappy writers. They have been dangled by the heels from the back ends of observation cars by disenchanted writers. None of it does much good. □ I have been fighting a fifteen-year war with editors. What follows explains my position. □ Here is your typical editor, seated at a desk piled high with virgin manuscripts: hand full of colored pencils, he is in the position of an exalted play producer systematically turning down actors: "Too tall, too short, no beards." With the editor it is, "Too long, too short; not enough facts, too many facts. No articles on Elizabeth Taylor." □ Should he come upon something the right length (often determined by weighing the manuscript in the palm of his hand), laced with the requisite number of facts, the pencils get busy. Periods are transformed into exclamation points, sentences over nine words long are cut in half. "That" is changed to "which" and "which" to "that" throughout. "Color me blue," a page of type seems to whisper to him, and he complies. The page will be filled in with new, improved words later. □ In the margin a ukase is scribbled to the effect that the material must be rearranged, with the middle placed up front, the beginning shunted back to the end and the end dropped in the middle. Since good taste is a specialty of editors, "My God!" spoken by a captain of Lancers at Austerlitz is changed to "My goodness!" Certain other words are automatically changed merely because the editor does not believe in them. □ "Familial" becomes "familiar"—a word the editor has heard of. "Complementary" gets an "i" in the middle. "Vapid" becomes "rapid" and "banal" becomes "canal"—very

ILLUSTRATION/ROSENBLUM

BLUE PENCIL BLUES

BY REX LARDNER



TOO SHORT
TOO LONG
BRITZERZ
GUERRILLA
CANAL
BANAL

WRAP IT
AHA
HATCH
WHICH



often changing the entire meaning of a sentence. These words simply cannot get through and the wise author avoids them. □ Your experienced editor makes throaty noises while marking pages: Ah! Aha! No! Buwaggh!—as he pounces on a comma that (he thinks) should be a semicolon, takes the "a" out of "temperamental," where it belongs, and puts it in "rigmarole," where it does not. And he chuckles as he unfastens the pages of manuscripts that writers have carefully glued together to see if the editor really reads what they have sent in before he returns it. □ Pitiless in their zeal to hack at and reshape, some manuscripts to render them acceptable, editors seldom consider the thought and effort expended on the original writing. Thomas Carlyle ("Sartor Resartus") used to spend days composing a single paragraph. One time he took an entire month to write just one sentence. An editor scratched it out in two-tenths of a second and the sentence was lost forever. □ Once, I stormed into an editor's office grasping a butchered manuscript that had been returned to me and informed him coldly that John O'Hara has an understanding with editors that they do not change as much as a single comma without his express, explicit and personal approval. The editor gave me a bland look. □ "Who's John O'Hara?" he asked. □ God help the writer if his work must go through two editors, for the changes he makes to satisfy the first will merely irritate the second; and he must do still another rewrite, encompassing the worst features of the first two versions. But editors are not infallible: Tales are legion about sly authors who have outwitted them by holding onto a piece they have been told to rewrite, turning it in to the same editor years later and getting it accepted. Other writers have fooled editors by submitting the second version first and, after this has been ordered reworked, have had the original accepted (turn page)

by the satisfied editor, who is forgetful or moody.

They are full of whims. A non-fiction editor I know had a bad experience with a dime in a telephone slot. Not only did he not get his number but he did not get his dime back. So if you say something kind about Bell Telephone in an article you get an automatic rejection. A fiction editor I know had a bad experience with a woman—maybe several women. Anyway, it is his habit, in editing stories, to change the entire nature and appearance of female characters if they are at all sympathetic. The author can hardly recognize them.

One time I happened to come across an issue of his magazine containing a story I wrote, and the next day I paid him a visit.

"I see you gave my heroine warts," I said.

"That's right," he said, cackling to himself as he peeled apart two pages of some poor bastard's glued manuscript. And that was the end of our relationship.

Still another editor I know is called the Cat Editor. This is not because he looks like a cat (he looks like a bear) but because of his previous job. Before he became editor of a magazine, he was the picture editor of a New York City tabloid. In this capacity he wrote captions for pictures of animals, specializing in cats. If a cat was marooned up a tree he titled the picture Cat-astrophe and if a cat was fighting another cat he titled the picture Cat-aclysm. If a cat was jumping into a fireman's net he would title the picture Cat-apult. Thus he got the name Cat Editor.

The Cat Editor is no less dedicated to hacking up manuscripts than other magazine editors but he does get away from the weasel-words most of them use when rejecting manuscripts. "Sorry, but this did not seem just right for us at this particular time," some of them will write, encouraging you to call them up once a week (until they stop answering the phone) to find out if the time is ripe yet. Others jot down, "The vote went against this." The vote!

The Cat Editor was more sincere. He had a bunch of slips printed up with the word "Tough!" on them which he distributed in wholesale lots. One time at lunch he told me he wished he could transcribe what is known as the bird, raspberry or Bronx cheer on a slip to replace "Tough!"

"I tried Brzzfrzz," he said, "but it's not explosive enough."

"Why don't you make a four-second tape recording of it and enclose it with manuscripts?" I said with a laugh as I paid the check. The next week I received a manuscript back with the letters Btrrrfrzzthrftzz on the rejection slip. He was still working on it.

Sir Winston Churchill, British Prime Minister during the Second World War, knows how to handle editors. He simply bypasses them. When he wants to write a book he dictates the whole thing into a dictaphone. The recorded words are fed into a linotype machine and galleys are printed. Sir Winston himself makes corrections from the galleys, which are then whisked to the presses. I doubt if even his publisher sees them. But because no editor is given the chance to make corrections, deletions or additions, what comes out are masterpieces of writing. In 1953, thanks to this practice, Sir Winston won the Nobel Prize for Literature.

A good many writers, however, not having the stature of Churchill, cannot hope to bypass editors. Their recourse, in some cases, is to placate them. A few of them try to be subtle about it.

A writing acquaintance of mine who was very unsuc-

cessful in breaching the strongholds of editors decided to make use of a hallowed custom of the Arabs. When Arabs write letters to friends or business associates, as you may know, they purposely insert several mistakes in spelling and grammar. The theory is that the recipient of the letter cannot help but smile at the errors and, human nature being what it is, feels kindly disposed toward the sender. Giving someone a psychological lift in this manner does neither correspondent nor recipient any harm and, all in all, it is a better custom than what the Arabs do to adulterers. My friend reasoned that the editor would feel paternal toward him on seeing the errors in the manuscript and buy it.

"You're a fool," I told him when he informed me of his plan. From my experiences over the years with editors of all types—magazine, newspaper, publishing house, book section and trade organ—I know, or thought I knew, how their minds work. Not only was I once briefly an editor myself, but I have spent time in their offices, played poker and golf with them, had lunch with them and argued with them over the phone, by mail, at cocktail parties and in bars. Arab businessmen are not American editors. My reaction was that, instead of feeling superior, the editor would be so shocked at the errors he would reject the article out of hand.

Disregarding my advice, my friend went ahead and purposely misspelled two key words throughout the article. They were "Philippine" and "guerrilla."

About three months later he waved a check in my face and showed me a copy of the magazine. The cover was decorated with frightened-looking Oriental ladies in their underwear being harassed by Nazis brandishing machetes. Not only had they misspelled "Philippine" and "guerrilla" throughout the article but they had misspelled it on the cover. "Here's a switch," I told him, reading the title of another article on the cover: "Cancer Can Cause Sex."

Personally, I am of such a sensitive nature that I cannot stand to read my own articles and stories in magazines. Whenever somebody compliments me on something I wrote, I have a stock answer: "It was better going in than coming out."

Some of the worst things that have happened to me happened when I wrote book reviews for a high-class newspaper. Very often, for lack of space, the editor would have to cut out a few lines of the review. He did not cut it out by pruning phrases or changing "endeavor" to "try" but by a unique method all his own. He would arbitrarily slice off the last half of a sentence at the top, scratch out several lines of copy and then tack the first half of the sentence to the second half of a sentence near the bottom. What came out was generally pure gibberish—and I have many letters from unhappy authors to prove it—but it fit, by golly, and that was the important thing.

If you wrote short to avoid this skillful surgery, he had you the way Procrustes and his bed had everybody but Theseus. He would fill in extra space with his own text, pertaining to what preceded: "And that is really something!" "Believe you me!" "Which takes quite some doing, if you know what I mean." A lot of authors never bothered to write for this editor at all.

I remember one piece I did for a national magazine about an orchestra leader who shall remain anonymous. About a week after it ran, the editor called me up. He claimed that in describing a hospital scene where the orchestra leader was near death, I had mentioned that he had been visited by a theatrical agent and his wife.

"That's right," I told him.

"But I don't believe he was ever married," said the editor.

(Continued on page 59)

"Go down to the set. She's shooting today, isn't she?"
Somes nodded. "On seven."

"Good," Millard said. "You go down and tell her I want to see her here."

Somes was grinning.

"A damn actress!" Millard muttered. His small eyes had an oddly heavy look to them as he glanced around the large office at the dozens of pictures on the walls of all his stars. He found the Grace Walker picture and in his mind he tried to superimpose the photographs he had just seen onto this chaste, sweet image of the all-American girl. That was actually what they were selling her as—the girl next door, the girl junior wants to take to the prom, anybody's kid sister. He could not help smiling, and at the same time he felt a burning anger sweep up through him when he recalled how she had not let him put a hand on her, all the time telling him that she had never had a man and that she did not want the first time to be like this, pleading with him, almost in tears. And he had believed her. He had even felt a strange respect for the girl, almost a kind of pride, as if perhaps she could have been his own daughter.

"Harry," Millard said, leaning back comfortably now in the deep leather chair and still staring at the picture on the wall. "Harry," he said, "you go down and send that little whore to me."

"What if they're shooting?" Somes asked.

"The hell with what they're doing," Millard said. "Just get her up here—and fast!"

Fifteen minutes later, the white intercom on Millard's desk buzzed and his secretary told him that Grace Walker was here to see him.

He let her wait ten minutes, then he asked his secretary to tell Miss Walker to come in.

She was wearing a white sweater and skirt and black pumps and a pale green sheer kerchief around her neck, tied on the side.

"Grace," Millard said, nodding. He did not rise to greet her. He glanced down quickly at the pictures and then he placed them in the center drawer of the desk.

"Harry said you wanted to see me."

He could see the breasts from the photographs pushing out firmly under the tight sweater almost as if they were trying to break out of whatever bounds held them. He could see the shape of her long legs touching through the white skirt and he imagined the soft place where the thighs met. It was all perfectly clear to him now. She might just

as well have been standing there completely naked.

"How's the picture going?" he asked her. Damn virgin indeed! he thought. After all these years in the business—to be fooled by a little tramp like this.

"Why its going fine, Mr. Millard," she said.

Her insistence on calling him by his last name angered him. It was as if she could push him away with no more than his own name.

"Do you like working with Peters?" he asked. He shifted a little uneasily in his chair.

"He's a funny man," she smiled. She had not removed her makeup, so her mouth looked wet and almost monstrously large the way they had it painted and he wondered for a moment what the hell the makeup man was trying to do to her. He'd speak to him in the morning. "But he's a very fine director," she added quickly. "I think I'm learning a great deal from him. He gets so much out of you."

Millard nodded. "Good," he muttered. "Good." Then slowly he got up from the chair and went to the bar cabinet in the corner. "What'll you have?" he asked her. He put ice cubes in two tall glasses. His initials were on each glass in thick gold lettering. They had been a birthday present from his daughter, but he had selected them himself.

"I don't drink, Mr. Millard," she said.

"The scotch is fresh," he said lightly.

"I never drink," she said.

Infuriated, he pushed both glasses back suddenly, one of them almost toppling over. Now she doesn't drink, he thought. It was so damn comical. It was a joke, he told himself. He had no reason to be angry. It was all just a very, very funny joke. Yes, that was it.

He turned to see her still standing a little way from the huge desk.

"Here," he said. He walked over, took her arm gently and led her to the couch. "We'll sit here," he said. "I've been wanting to have a little talk with you."

He watched her cross her legs and carefully pull the cotton skirt down as far as it would go over her knees.

"I hope everything's all right," she said.

The wide green eyes were so unbelievably innocent. They made you believe absolutely everything she said. He had heard all the usual ways of trying to say no or of maybe just trying to make the yes sound a little more important. In this business you don't miss a thing. He had seen and known almost all of the big grand ladies of the screen when they were just kids in from a Broadway chorus line or a Miss Something-or-other contest in Miami. He had seen them green, anxious and hungry, and to look at them now with their fine airs and White House invitations and

**"We don't
reconstruct
the crime
in rape cases,
Wenslow!"**



low bows before the Queen of England, he sometimes found it a bit difficult to believe how they had been in the beginning. But he had known them in those days, and when he saw them at parties he could not help chuckling to himself sometimes at his secret knowledge of this grand lady or that great star.

And with all this under his belt, these green sweet eyes had made him believe in impossible things. When she had told him she was a virgin, his first reaction had been to simply laugh right out loud, it sounded that absurd. She was at least twenty and with a face and body like that, she would have had to spend her life alone on an island to stay pure, as the saying goes. But he had looked into the green eyes and he had not laughed. True, he had tried another pass, but that had been more of a reflex than an actual attempt at her virtue.

And now this! Posing for pictures you couldn't get most whores to do!

"You know, of course," Millard said in his gruff low voice, "that we're going to give you the complete star treatment. No holds barred. By the time 'Dream Boat' is released, there won't be a male in this country over the age of six who doesn't know who you are."

She laughed quietly at this, a nervous, almost bashful sort of laugh. The idea seemed to embarrass her a little, but in a pleasant way.

"That's what you want, isn't it?" he asked her. He kept watching the eyes as if he expected them to slip out of their pose and reveal, even if only for an instant, the sort of creature she truly was.

"Yes. Yes, of course it is," she said with a tremor of excitement in her voice. "But what I really want, Mr. Millard, is to be an actress, a truly fine actress. Not just a pretty face. I'd like to act in dramatic plays and everything."

Her breasts seemed to move with each syllable she spoke. It was as if her entire body knew what she had to say even before her lips could form the words. He thought that he would know whatever she had on her mind by just watching the way her body moved.

"That's what I really want," she said.

"And I'll see it all happens," Millard said, and he placed an arm around her shoulder, and slowly drew her body in against him.

"But shouldn't I get back to the set, Mr. Millard?" she asked him. "Mr. Peters will be waiting."

He smiled close to her face, smelling the light perfume she wore as it mixed with the pink sweet smell of her young body. "I've canceled shooting for this afternoon," he said. "You won't have to get back." And then he tightened his grip suddenly, clumsily, and pressed a hard open-mouthed kiss down into the soft of her neck, biting gently at her flesh, moving his leg in against the length of her thigh and his other hand came around to feel the firm, hot promise of her breasts.

"No . . . Mr. Millard . . . please . . . I told you. . . ."

"It's all right now," he muttered, his lips feeling the shape of the word against her flesh.

"No . . . I told you I've never . . ."

He wanted to laugh out loud now, but his body dragged him down into a sudden, whirling darkness and, almost throwing her body down under him on the long sofa, his mouth silenced her words. She kept trying to fight her way out of his embrace, pushing him back with her hands, trying to kick her legs out free from under him, shaking her head from side to side to break loose from his kiss. But Millard held fast now to his prize. *Never had a man*, he thought. His mouth grinned even as he was kissing her.

"Please . . ." she begged in a soft crying voice when

he took his mouth from hers. "Mr. Millard . . . please . . ." He saw tears streaming from her eyes and he thought, she's not half bad, maybe she'll even turn out to be an actress in the bargain. "Not like this," she pleaded. "Please . . . not like this . . ."

He pulled her sweater up over her head. She tried again to push him away, to twist her body off of the sofa, but he slapped her arms down with such force that she uttered a tight cry of pain and stopped fighting him. He removed her sweater, then her brassiere and the breasts barely moved as he unbound them, they were that firm. He could feel the blood pounding at his temples and the inside of his flesh was struck alive like a match in the dark and he felt as he had not felt in many years now. All of them with their perfect faces and their perfect bodies had become the same, a constant carbon copy parade, being seduced for the greater glory of Motion Pictures of America. But now with this one, he kept seeing the fantastic pictures, the things she had done . . . this perfectly innocent face the center of a montage of depravity he had not seen in all his years in the business.

He undid her belt, then pulled her skirt down and let it fall to the floor beside the sofa. Her body writhed from side to side in a weak pathetic effort to keep her flesh away from his hands. He removed her blue panties. He did not bother with the black garter belt or with her stockings. Like in the pictures, he could not help thinking.

He stood up and undressed quickly, tossing his clothes over across the back of a chair in the corner.

She was lying on the sofa, seemingly helpless or too weary to move, her entire body trembling with sobs, her face streaked with twisting lines of mascara like the face of a sad clown.

"Little virgin," Millard mumbled, standing over her, grinning. "Yeah . . ."

It was more than an hour before she was in any condition to leave his office. They hardly spoke for the entire time.

When she was gone, Millard went quickly to his desk and took the pictures from the drawer.

With great care now he examined each of the pictures, and with each one, something down inside him where the fire had been became cold and a little dead and old.

There seemed to be no end to the wild variety of acts she had performed in the pictures . . . and yet, what she had told him of her virginity *had* been true. It was completely unbelievable. But it *had* been true.

Thirty years in this business, he thought, placing the pictures down on the desk in front of him. Thirty years. God only knows how many hundreds of broads. I've seen everything, he told himself. But this . . . ! He leaned back in the big leather swivel chair. *This . . . !* And he began chuckling softly in a dry, humorless way.

Harry Somes, standing in the doorway, watched him for several moments. Millard just sat there chuckling, hands folded round his stomach.

"Well, how was it?" Somes finally asked him. He came into the office, closing the door behind him. "Come on-give!"

"Harry . . ." Millard started, leaning forward a little in the chair. He could not stop grinning as he spoke. "Harry, listen," he said. "When the day comes you think you know all there is to know about broads, you just forget it, see. Harry, my boy, you just forget it. On account of there ain't ever going to be a man alive who's going to know even *half* what's to be known about 'em. And you can believe me, Harry. I'm an old man who once upon a time knew every damn thing there was to know, so you can believe me."



When Rusty Allen was a scrawny pre-teenager back in Abilene, Texas, she disguised herself as a boy (Difficult to imagine, isn't it?) and got a job delivering newspapers. Up at dawn, Rusty would pedal along her route tossing newspapers with either hand. (She can still break a window with a folded newspaper at twenty yards.)

RUSTY







By the time Rusty was about fifteen, the boss, and a few customers, began to suspect that all was not as it should be with their paper "boy." The boss's suspicions were confirmed when he noticed the boy paper boys fighting over who would help Rusty deliver her papers. For the good of morale, Rusty was dismissed. But by then Rusty had saved enough money to invest in oil stocks, and today her only contact with newspapers is through the daily stock market listings.



"Who?" I said. "—?" (Naming the orchestra leader.) "Because his wife is going to be on television tomorrow night." (Editors hate to hear the word television.)

"No, not him. —." (Naming the agent.) "Somebody wrote in that he was never married."

"Well," I told him, "my understanding was that he was married."

"Can you check it?" he asked.

"Yes, I can 'check it,'" I told him, imitating the nasal way he talked.

I went to the library to check it and found that the paragraph I got the anecdote from could be read two different ways. One was the way I had first interpreted it, which was perfectly defensible, and the other way was that the agent had come to the hospital with the orchestra leader's wife. It depended on your interpretation of the word "his."

I forgot how I told the editor to reply to his readers when he called again two weeks later, but my opinion has been that any damn fool can find an error in something if he looks hard enough. Since the orchestra leader was still alive and the agent was dead, it was pretty much academic, anyway.

When I was briefly an editor on a well-known magazine a few years ago, I gave the writers a good deal of free rein. I was put to work reading manuscripts. There was one editor above me and after I read and edited one manuscript I turned it over to him.

"This is pretty good," I said, dropping it on his desk.

The next day he came into my office. "Did you say you edited this?" he asked, indicating the manuscript I had worked on.

"Yes, I did," I told him with a nod.

"Well, all you did," he said, "was change the spelling of the word 'guerrilla' a couple of times." A terrible frown clouded his brow. "And I'm not sure it was spelled wrong in the first place." And that was virtually the end of my editing career.

In fifteen years of arguing with editors, listening to their complaints about deadlines, their problems of cutting manuscripts to fit and their speculations about lawsuits when facts are not 100 per cent accurate, I have come to the conclusion that they are marked by two traits: They are not lazy; they will stay up to all hours, slashing at manuscripts and making extra work for writers. And, as a genre—whether their periodical is for hot-rodgers, semanticists or millionaires—they are frighteningly consistent.

You can make book that in the next twenty-four hours some editor somewhere:

will change all present tenses to past because he has always thought a famous financier was dead

will cut off the last paragraph of a short story because of space requirements

will permanently misplace the only manuscript of a novel it took the author ten years to write

will fail to insert the second "r" or second "I" in "guerrilla"

will reject a short story as good as "The Pit and the Pendulum"

will change "was" to "were" in a sentence not contrary to fact

will be shocked to learn that a promising new author he has discovered has plagiarized Chekhov's "The Duel" (or whoever wrote it) word for word

will ask the head of the art department if commas go inside or outside of quotation marks.

Don't get me started on women editors.

"What do you mean?"

"That isn't what it was all about, was it?"

"What?"

"Just going to bed."

"I don't know. I really don't."

"Oh, honey, I can't see you or talk to you again."

"What's his name?"

"I looked in the Jewish Bible for one—Daniel."

He remembered how her face contorted when he came close, her urgent lewd talk when they made love. But he felt relieved now; it was all over. "I'm sorry I called," he said. "I mean sorry I bothered you. I don't want to cause you any trouble."

"I knew you'd be good. You were such a sweet guy."

"Does he look—"

"Do you really want to know?"

"No."

"I'll tell you this much, he's beautiful—a Jewish father and a Comanche great granddaddy. Say good-by."

"I can't." He could barely breathe.

"You have to. If I tell you that you were the only man to ever thrill me, would it make you feel better?"

"Look, I don't want pity."

"You were the only man."

"Do you ever think of me?"

"God, you're thick. For a smart guy you're so damn thick and stupid! Why do you think I had your baby? I knew you weren't man enough to take me as I was, to go through a lot of trouble with religion and everything. I knew all that, so I had your child. That way you'd never be too far from me." She was silent for a moment. "I went through hell to keep you near me, and I don't aim to let this call make everything go sour."

"Stop punishing me—please."

"I'm not doing a damn thing to you. I just hope that you'll grow up and give some nice girl all that loving that I had for only a little while. Now I got to go."

"Good-by—No!"

"What?"

"Nothing. Good-by, Laura, you're a wonderful girl."

"Take care, honey, be happy. Good-by."

He kept talking, wild, but the operator said his party had hung up. He paid the toll, left the booth and walked out onto the avenue. It was growing dark, the streets were crowded, and his mind swiftly yielded to a frieze of images: the girded sound of a marching battalion and pungent coal-smoke . . . all the Dallas clubs where they were drunk and cranky . . . the ill-lit main street and seedy movie theater in Gainesville . . . the bare look of the hotel that last morning . . . wet-wood smell in the barracks the night they ducked in out of the rain, piled and pressed to the damp floor, laughing at the fifty empty beds . . . the way she arched for him. . . .

The lode of dreams was a silent thrust. He knew what an idiot figure he was, full of dull and ordinary remorse, a nostalgia that was only self-pity, the poverty of his mind. He walked past a toy store and suddenly made a decision—and believed it. He'd buy wonderful things for the boy and one day, soon, drive to Dallas, to her street, and watch from the car as a group of children played. *He'd know his own son.*

His face twisted in a self-conscious grin. *Stella Dallas, Back Street, The Sin of Madelon Claudet.* The worst sentimentalities—and he had the wrong role.

He felt a wretched sorrow flooding him, the knowledge that he'd do nothing. But he thought he wouldn't be able to bear his own reproach and began to walk faster, making plans for the trip.

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LETTERS

BOO!

Gloria, the "ghost" in the April issue of ESCAPADE, can haunt me anytime. Wow!

Al Bryce
New York City

ESCAPADE's "sociable girl ghost" is the most gorgeous blob of ectoplasm I've ever seen. How can I get her to haunt my house?

Edward Spann
Tampa, Fla.

LATE ARRIVALS

Congratulations on an excellent February issue. Your magazine is rapidly becoming one of the finest in the field. I like the mixture of humor and seriousness in "Metamorphosis of Miami Beach" and the very funny "\$12,945.54 Volkswagen." Also, Gene Feehan's well-researched "Political Cartoonists" had both body and flavor to it, as the well-known beer commercial puts it. More, more, more!

Joel Egan
New York City

OUR NEGLECTFUL AUTHORS

Your recent article (ESCAPADE, Feb.) on Miami Beach was very educational and at the same time enjoyable.

I doubt if there is any travel agency that is capable of supplying the detailed information that your magazine has offered. In your article you have covered practically all the important places and events from the southern end of Miami Beach, and including all of Motel Row. You even managed to include a mention of a hamburger stand on Arthur Godfrey Road. Why didn't you mention the other well-known place on that particular street, namely "Mike's News & Sundries?" After all, we have for years cashed checks for the author, allowed him to charge toilet articles and provided other important services. A plug is in order we think.

Mike Mersel
Miami Beach, Fla.

• Our author shamelessly regrets this serious omission and hopes his credit is still good.

CARTOONS

That "electric nosepicker" cartoon in the April ESCAPADE wasn't the least bit funny. It was plain vulgar.

Ralph Dworkin
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

• Why not an electric nose-picker? We've got the electric toothbrush and

the electric shaver. Don't you believe in progress?

I think the cartoon showing the caveman throwing a spear at the hippo's backside is the funniest I've ever seen. I have the cartoon hanging on my living room wall.

Don Emory
Kansas City, Mo.

- Readers usually like to pin up photos of the girls; but, to each his own wall hangings.

TOO MANY MEN IN PARIS

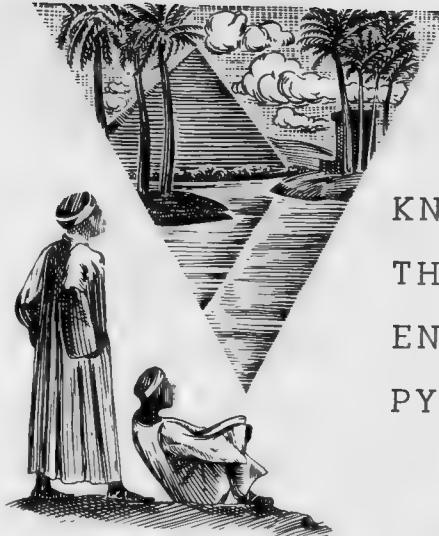
As an employment director for one of this country's better-known news agencies, may I thank you heartily for clearing up the smog of grade-B romance that has recently obscured the realities of the foreign correspondent business. Out of every hundred young men who approach my desk looking for work in journalism, ninety will list their first choice as "foreign correspondent." I must then enlighten them as to the realities of the field, a time-consuming and usually fruitless operation. In a time when there is such a crying need for competent reporting on domestic papers, it seems a shame that our J-school graduates want to rush off to fill petty and meaningless positions at foreign bureaus, all for the sake of the supposed glamour! I have had the article clipped and framed to hang outside my office in the hopes that it will save some time for both the applicants and myself.

L. R. T.
Washington, D. C.

AN EXPLANATION

• In response to a number of letters chiding us for showing poor taste in doing a humorous piece on our late President, John F. Kennedy, ESCAPADE wishes to inform its readers that the issue was printed and bound some weeks before the tragic event took place in Dallas. The same excuse may be offered for the humorous portrait of President Lyndon B. Johnson. Having been admirers of the late President Kennedy, this magazine is especially embarrassed by any insult felt by its readers.

Please address all letters to ESCAPADE Magazine, Division Street, Derby, Conn. Acknowledgments: pp. 15-19, William Graham-Galaxy; pp. 23-28, Frank Eck; pp. 30-36, Erik Betting-P.I.P.; pp. 38-40, Hugh Bell; pp. 55-58, Lee Kraft-Globe.



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THE JAZZ CRITICS (Continued from page 46)

viewers, the one a conventional jazz critic, the other a classical critic. I ran their reviews side by side.

The results were what one might expect. The jazz critic gave one album a full five stars, the other four-and-a-half. The classical critic, Don Henahan of the *Chicago Daily News*, declined to assign a rating.

"Once upon a time," Henahan began his review, "there was a farmer who had a Horse and a Cow, both of which he prized. He was fond of the Cow because it provided him with milk and butter and because he found it deeply satisfying to gaze into its soulful, ruminative countenance. The Horse was a headstrong animal, equally beautiful, though for other reasons: it was exhilarating just to watch it romp when let out to pasture . . .

"Probably nothing would have disturbed this idyll had the farmer not happened one day to read a Great Books brochure about the great ideas of the great philosophers. Suddenly all became clear: that fellow Hegel *had* something. Cow represented Thesis, Horse represented Antithesis, and somehow or other they were dialectically fated to merge into a successful Synthesis.

"From that day, the farmer dedicated his life to evolving a third-stream beast that would have the best features of both. He is still trying, as we all know, and in the meantime he has been kicked out of the grange and has taken to knocking out liner notes for record manufacturers."

Henahan went on to pin down the affectations of Lewis and Schuller: ". . . exploiting standard impressionistic devices . . . genuflecting continually to the most sterile kind of academism . . . a style that flits between Gabrielli and a light, monotonous swing . . . wanders pleasantly down a dead-end street long since discovered and abandoned by Poulenc, Milhaud, and Krenek . . . the synthesis produces nothing so interesting as a Corse or a How."

It was a review that no jazz critic in America had the background to write, because no jazz critic has the education in music—jazz or otherwise—that the top classical critics are virtually required to have. Henahan, for example, has two college degrees—not in criticism or journalism but in music. What passes for a knowledge of jazz music among critics is a knowledge of jazz history.

Henahan made a telling point about Third Stream music:

"There seems to be a likeness in the appeal of this three-button-suit jazz to the Vivaldi fad that has been taken up by many 'classical' listeners in recent years. Both groups seem to be looking for safe music and (perhaps most importantly) for music that has more status, gentility-wise. One group is fleeing from Bourbon Street, the other from Tchaikovsky."

Henahan is half right. Part of the jazz audience is indeed fleeing from Bourbon Street. But another part of it is fleeing from Elm Street.

Much of the fascination with jazz at present is a projection of a fascination with Negroes, founded on the notion that the values of Negro life are more valid than those of white life. This credo holds that Negroes have not lost sight of emotional basics, that their feet are planted firmly on the earth of reality. To an extent this is so, and Negro realism has been expressed in so-called hard-bop.

In embracing this kind of music, jazz listeners, including many of the critics who have hailed it, are seeking status not in gentility but in angry realism. They know that there is something wrong with white American society, but don't know quite what to call the general social sin or what to do about it. Negro anger has the virtue of clarity, the appeal of action. Further, as America shivers into a well-earned racial revolution, this kind of jazz admirer is rushing to disclaim responsibility for the offenses

of his ancestors, to assert that he never lived on Elm Street, indifferent to the pain of more than 20,000,000 ground-down Americans. It has become "hip" to be angry. And status, for this kind of jazz listener (and critic) lies not in gentility but in hipness.

Whichever kind of status was being sought, it brought into writings on jazz an enormous amount of pretension. Pretentiousness in jazz criticism began with the writings of Barry Ulanov in *Metronome* and reaches its apotheosis with André Hodeir. There have been a few critics, such as Gleason, Gitler and Wilson, who (probably because none of them is conventionally status-hungry) have seen jazz for what it is and been willing to accept and evaluate it on its own essentially modest terms.

In fairness, it should be stated that the critics have made substantial contributions to the public understanding of jazz. The trouble is that they have contributed even more substantially to the public misunderstanding it.

To clarify with a specific case:

Hentoff is not wrong to extract social meaning from jazz. It is there. All of us who listen closely to jazz knew three or four years ago that there would be a massive uprising of America's Negroes in a short time. I could hear it in the tenor saxophone of Sonny Rollins and later in that of John Coltrane and Wayne Shorter. Only an idiot could have overlooked it in the music of Charles Mingus and Max Roach—who, by the way, have made probably the best artistic use of anger of any jazzmen. When Ornette Coleman arrived a couple of years ago, the prophecy was complete. In his anarchic outcry almost anyone could hear it. The issue was not whether Coleman was saying something socio-emotionally true but whether it was *musically* valuable. This unclarified issue led to a confusing conflict among the critics that has not really been settled yet.

The question is not whether one can legitimately take extra-musical meanings out of jazz. One can and, when they are there, should. The question is whether the critic should try to force them back into the music, as it were—making them a standard by which other jazzmen are measured. When Hentoff attacks Keely Smith for failing to protest enough to suit him, it is of minor importance. But when he attacks or dismisses artists for failing to protest during their performances, when protest is not their aesthetic intention, that *matters*.

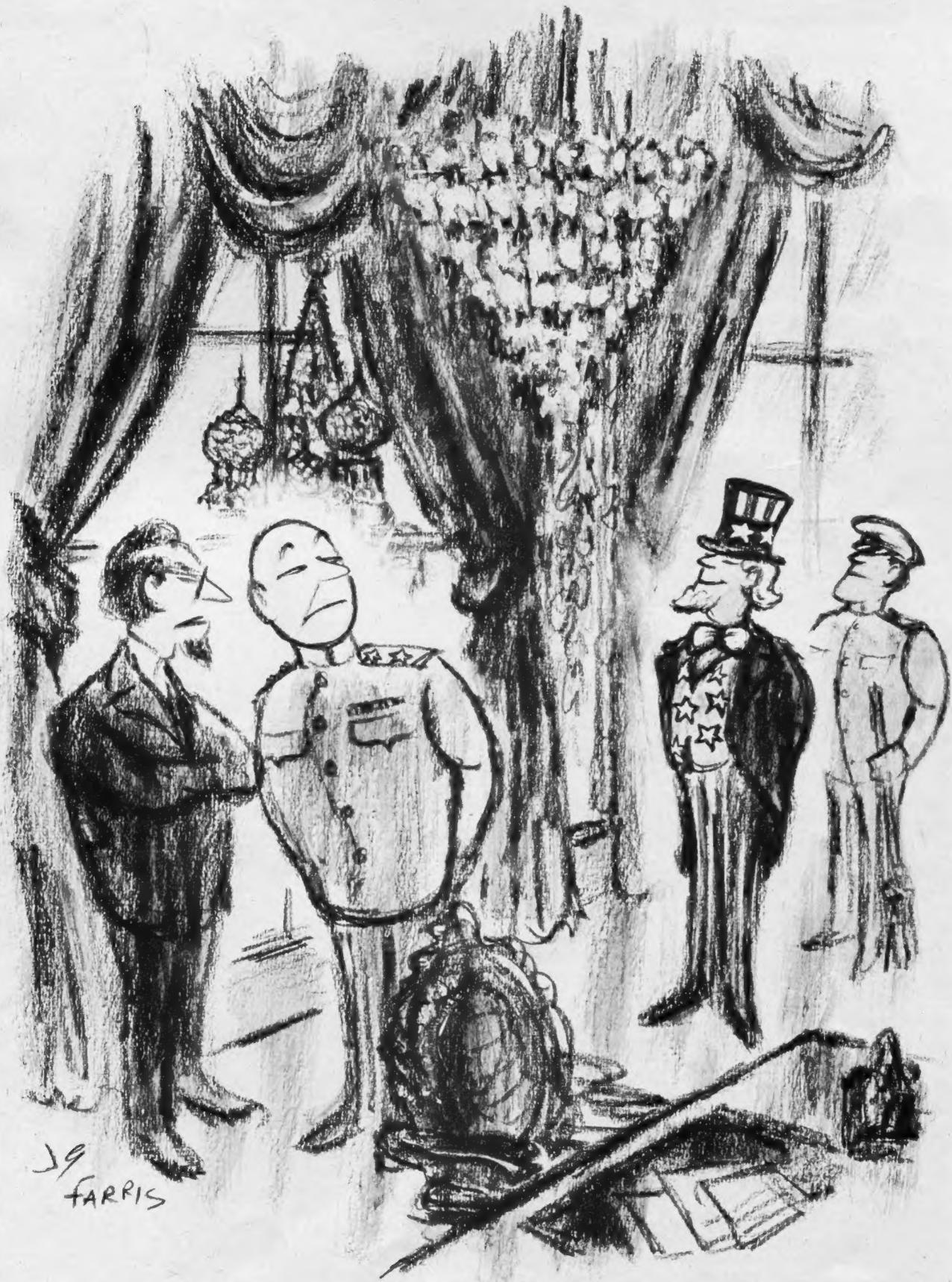
Aware of all the faults of critics because of the odd Rorschach effect of jazz, most musicians have simply stopped reading them. Jazzmen always pretended that they didn't read reviews, of course. That was part of the pose of "cool." But there has been a distinct change in the last two or three years: now they really don't read them. Though an occasional irritated letter-to-the-editor is written by a musician, most jazzmen are neither angered by bad reviews nor pleased by the good.

When a form of criticism ceases to clarify an art to the public, it fails half its function. When it ceases to influence the course of the art because the artists disagree with the standards it waves, it fails the other half. Jazz criticism has for some time been failing on both counts.

It is up to the critics to do something about it, if their function is to regain effectiveness. A good place to start would be with some elementary studies of musical composition. The next step is to develop a mature awareness of one's own subjectivity.

Braff's Law can never be repealed. But its effect on criticism can be largely neutralized if the critic understands his own frustrations and drives and filters them out of his musical judgment. Critic, know thyself.

Then, perhaps, jazz criticism may escape its present position as a despised and parasitical appendage to a great minor art.



"If he is a spy, he's a stupid spy."



FIGURE by Jon Corbino, Exhibited Chicago Institute of Art. Washington School of Art Collection.

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They DREW their way from "Rags to Riches"

Now they're helping others do the same

By REX TAYLOR

ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. At 13, he quit school to support his family. But he never gave up his dream of becoming an artist.

Although he was working 12 hours a day, he began to study art at home in his spare time. At 22 he was earning \$500 a week as a commercial artist. Dorne rose higher and higher—until he became probably the most fabulous money maker in the history of advertising art.

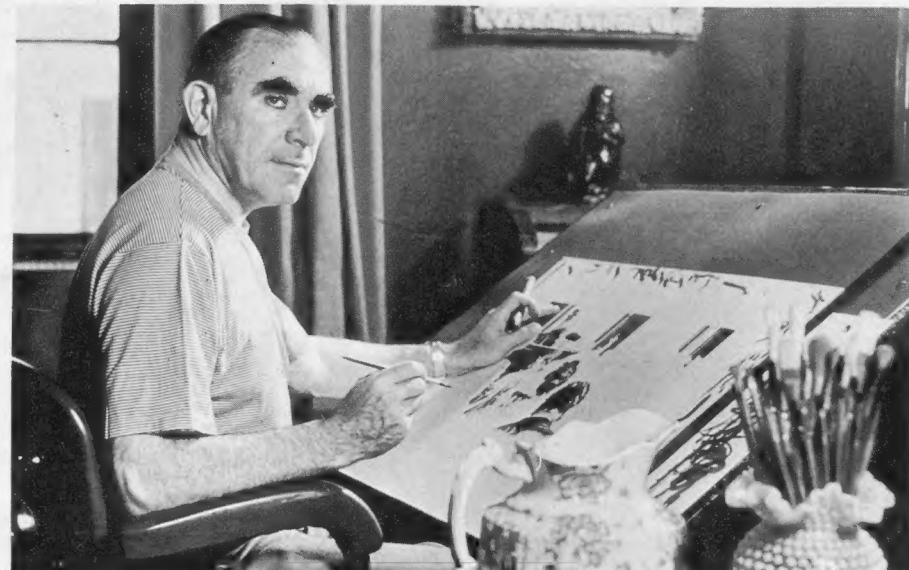
Dorne's "rags-to-riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school when he was 15. Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan. Robert Fawcett, known as "the illustrators' illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs once lived in a cold-water flat, now has a magnificent contemporary home over 100 feet long.

A plan to help others

In 1946 these men met with six other famous artists—Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, and John Atherton.

Dorne outlined to them a plan for sharing their good fortune with others. Dorne pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent . . . no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. Looking for a way to explain drawing techniques to students who would be thousands of miles away, they turned to the modern methods of visual training. They made over 5,000 drawings especially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. And after they had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw his



ALBERT DORNE—one of the top money makers in commercial art. From window of his luxurious studio high above New York, Dorne can see the slums where he once lived.

"glamour girls." Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary, new way to correct a student's work. For each drawing the student sent in, he would receive in return a long personal letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent "overlay," the instructor would actually draw, in detail, his corrections of the student's work. Thus there could be no misunderstanding.

School is launched; students succeed

Thus was born the Famous Artists Schools—whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled in the history of art teaching. Today the School has thousands of active students in 62 countries. The twelve famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still run it and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

John Busketta is a good example. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company until he enrolled in the school. He still works for the same company—but now he is an artist in the advertising department, at a big increase in pay.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled. Now a fashionable New York Gallery exhibits and sells her paintings.

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a big automobile company—by showing his work with the School. Now he helps design new car models.

A great-grandmother in Ohio decided to study painting in her spare time. Recently, she had her first "show," where she sold thirty water colors and five oil paintings.

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied art at night. Today he is a successful advertising artist, earns seven times as much . . . and is having a new home built for his family.



NORMAN ROCKWELL—this best-loved American artist left school at 15.

Where are tomorrow's artists?

Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous," he says. "We continually get calls and letters from art buyers. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs.

"I'm firmly convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think that they have talent. Many of them *do* have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art . . . if we can only find them."

Unique art talent test

To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 12-page Talent Test. Originally they charged \$1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

Would you like to know if you have hidden art talent? Simply mail coupon below. The Famous Artists Talent Test will be sent to you without cost or obligation.

Famous Artists Schools Studio 7296, Westport, Conn.

I would like to find out whether I have art talent worth developing. Please send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

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